

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.

Glasgow.

## AT THE DOG-SHOW.

IT is seldom that the ordinary every-day man will confess his inability to do three things—poke a fire, drive a horse, or write a play—if he wanted to; while the man who “doesn’t understand dogs” is, indeed, a *rara avis*. For the latter, however, a visit to Cruft’s dog show, at the Agricultural Hall, will be an heroic cure, unless indeed his vanity be of that pachydermatous description that nothing less than a rifle bullet will penetrate. I do not, being an ordinary man, confess to greater ignorance than my neighbours on canine matters; but some hours spent in the Agricultural Hall, in the company of thousands of dogs, has taught me that the amount of information I have *not* acquired concerning



CAN BARK LIKE A NINE-POUNDER.

the species is colossal and encyclopædic. It is difficult to believe, for instance, that the pampered little toy Pomeranian, ready to snap at the hand that caresses or feeds him, with his temper and sweet “doggy” nature destroyed by his quilted satin cushion, his unnatural feeding, and his altogether artificial and detrimental surroundings, can have anything but the name of “dog,” in common with that stately St. Bernard, who weighs more than a man, and is worth as much as a first-rate hunter.

To him the show is one of the severest trials of life, to be borne in solemn silence—though he CAN BARK LIKE A NINE-POUNDER gun if he likes—and with the superb patience of his noble race. Worried as he is with the ceaseless din—will those wretched terriers never be quiet?—a kindly and sympathetic word, even from a stranger, will bring a grateful glance from his beautiful and impressive eyes. Pat his magnificent head, and he raises his



Ph. Charles Hussey. A SIBERIAN EXILE.

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Ph. Charles Hussey. THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS. Copyright.—“C.L.”

huge paw, to show the extent of his good will, by “shaking hands.” Dear old chap! there’s nothing artificial about him, and when, as he sees his master approaching, he rises and wags his ponderous tail with an energy sufficient to knock down a dining room chair, it is trying one’s obedience to the tenth commandment very high to see that beautiful animal and the great love with which his honest old heart is full to overflowing, without wishing to occupy his master’s place.

Watch that asthmatic pug, with his nose “drove into his face,” and possessing altogether a “beautiful ugliness” which even his Cambridge blue rosette does little to redeem. As long as his breath lasts he is protesting with petulant iteration, and in a “gin and watery” sort of voice, against the disturbance to his comfort which a visit to the show entails.

What relation can he be, I wonder, to the beautiful Borzoi, a model of graceful symmetry, who, after a long visit to the judges’ ring, is DISGUSTED WITH THE WHOLE PROCEEDINGS, and, tired of being admired, has curled up on his bench, with his long Romanesque nose between his paws, covered with white fluff



DISGUSTED WITH THE WHOLE PROCEEDINGS.

silk, and is seeking, but seeking in vain, that repose that a dog-show can never afford. Look at that long bench of terriers. A calculation of the exact amount of pressure per square inch of fun, love, and devilment compressed into those comely little carcasses, would certainly be astonishing, and I warrant me if all those feelings that bench contains in concentrated form were suddenly released, the hall itself, big as it is, would not hold them at normal pressure.

Stop for a moment and study that wire-haired picture of innocence. With drooping ears and uplifted paw he is mutely assuring the passer-by that he never does anything wrong. Rabbit-poaching has no charms for him, and as for cheyving his neighbours’ cats, he would scorn the action. M’yes! I have seen that look of innocence before. “It comes from Sheffield,” and if there were any mischief dear to the doggy mind on hand I



would trust him just as far as— No; on second thoughts the wicked twinkle in those keen dark eyes gives you away too much, my boy, and I do not think I would trust you at all, you dear little humbug!

And the bull dogs! fiercest-looking and yet withal gentlest-tempered of the canine race. See that charming girl, English to her finger tips, as, oblivious of onlookers, with neatly gloved hand, she presses the ugly muzzle of her brindled favourite against her fair young cheek. What a ready-made picture of "Beauty and the Beast!" "Smut, you old darling," we hear her say, and the "old darling," in the exuberance of his affection for his young mistress, commences his tail-wag somewhere between his shoulders, and we begin to think that Lord Dundreary was wrong; after all the tail *can* "waggle the dog," and how nice it would be to be Smut just for once.

What a contrast to the plain, business-like English bull dog is the French poodle. Clever and intelligent, certainly, and his *coiffure* a distinct artistic triumph for "M. Aristide," but yet there is an air of Gallic artificiality about him, due possibly to the improvement on Nature effected by his hairdresser, which we do not like. His "corded" brother, too, with an appearance curious to a degree, has to be lived with to be appreciated; he would perhaps make a good door mat, but for a canine "pal" darling Smut would be good enough for me. B     is a bit too *chic* and classy for the ordinary man.

And dogs' natures differ as widely as their physical appearances. Surely there is a great gulf fixed between the sprightly little Schipperke who, with *crini  re heriss  e*, is regarding every-

thing around him with the intensest interest, and whose inquisitive little mind is trying in vain to understand what is going on, and fathom his owner's reason for bringing him to such a strange and eerie place, and the dignified bloodhound, who, with lowered crest, turns a face full of inexpressible *ennui* and sadness (heightened by the blood-red "haw" in his eye), to the visitor, who, oblivious of the undeserved reputation for fierceness the name of these gentle dogs has conferred on them in the public mind, ventures a sympathetic pat on that picturesquely wrinkled head.

But exigencies of space warn me I must close, and that without a word of the beagles, retrievers, pointers (better in a turnip field on a fine September morning, than on the show bench), sheep dogs, Airedales, Dandies, Griffons, and other bow-wows too numerous to mention individually.

Differing so widely as they do in size, appearance, nature, and on every possible point, manifestly these various kinds can only have been brought to their present perfection by skilled and careful specialists in each particular breed. The varieties are so great that much division of labour must have been necessary to secure such results. The lover of dogs may find affection for them all, and each individual may learn something of the particular breed he fancies, be it spaniels or mastiffs, or what not, but to understand "all about" dogs is a shipping order, and the next time I hear a man make such a modest claim for himself, I shall refer him to Cruft's Annual Dog Show, and quietly but firmly insist on his acceptance of the handsomest "kettle" my modest means can afford.

HAROLD WOOD.

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## COUNTRY NOTES.

IT may pretty well be taken for granted now that the winter is over, and though of course one or two more days, or rather nights, of frost may be experienced before the end of March, the season of 1896-97 can safely be set down as another mild winter. For which relief, much thanks; for despite the desire of skaters for good black ice, the majority of the community are far better suited by an open winter than by one of the opposite description. The old proverb that "A green yule-tide makes a fat kirkyard" may have been true in the days when sanitary arrangements were not what they now are, and when floods and incomplete drainage caused festering cesspools to spread fevers and plagues through the land; but in these days there is no question which sort of winter has the biggest death-roll, as was shown in the severe season of 1894-95.

According to the weather prophet, whose prognostications have been previously referred to in these notes, 1897 is to see a summer on the lines of 1893 and 1895. This same prophet, by the way, has been remarkably accurate of late, and it is worthy of notice that the fortnight's frost prophesied by him to begin in the first week of February, came sure enough, though it anticipated the date named by some eight days. It is much to be hoped that he will be equally right as to the kind of weather that is to grace 1897. It will be only right that Queen's weather should attend the Queen's year.

The Essex County Council have recently passed a stringent by-law against betting—not, be it noted, against causing an obstruction in any thoroughfare by congregating for the purpose of betting, but against betting *per se*. Some individuals summoned and heavily fined by the magistrates under this by-law have determined to appeal against the decision. It is only right and reasonable that the highest Court of Justice to which it is possible to carry the case should have an opportunity of deciding whether or not County Councils are to be allowed to pass whatever punitive by-laws they please. The practice, if unchecked, gives them, as the Lord Chief Justice is reported to have observed in court in a recent case, the power of creating altogether new offences. To what extent this power may run, if the Puritanical Pecksniffs happen to be in majority in any one Council, can well be imagined. The Chantite crusade against the Music Halls of two or three years back is a lasting testimony to the extent of interference to be expected from nasty minds, to whom things seem a great deal more than they are.

The majority of the most famous breeding studs in this country have earned their successes by sticking to some particular blood, and of none is this more true than of the Yardley Stud, where the great Birdcatcher family, in my opinion the stoutest and best and most lasting in the whole stud book, has always been predominant. This wonderful horse, who through Sir Hercules, Whalebone, Waxy, Pot-8-os, Eclipse, &c., was a direct descendant of the Darley Arabian, founder of the first and most potent division of the English stud book, was the sire of The Baron (sire of the brothers Stockwell and Rataplan), and of Oxford, sire of Sterling, who, in his turn, sired the mighty Isonomy. Most lines of blood seem to get their turn at some time or another. The tribes of Melbourne, Gladiator, Weatherbit, Bay Middleton, Wild Dayrell, and Touchstone, have all had their day; whilst there is no doubt that Voltigeur, is now the reigning house, though all the time the Birdcatcher family has been holding its own well. It has a way, too, of cropping up, when least expected, with such animals as Doncaster, Isonomy, Sir Hugo, and Common, and its representatives are nearly always stout, honest, reliable animals; whilst what with Melton, Kendal, Orme, Baliol, and others, we are likely to see this famous family going stronger than ever in the immediate future.

It is, of course, to the Oxford branch of the Birdcatcher tribe that Mr. Graham has especial cause to be grateful, though his mares are all full of the same blood through other channels too, among others that of Stockwell, through The Duke; and in fact it would be impossible to breed anything at Yardley which would not be inbred to Birdcatcher, the merits of which line have been amply proved by such horses as Sterling, Isonomy, Energy, Enthusiast, Paradox, and many other great winners bred at this stud. Having produced so many famous horses, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at if Mr. Graham expects everything born at Yardley to win a Derby, or to be another Isonomy, and for this reason will never part with his youngsters, except at very big prices. For the same reason he can never be induced to submit his colts to an operation, which would certainly be advisable in the case of at least ninety out of every hundred colts foaled. The result of all this is that his paddocks get filled up with troops of the most beautifully-bred colts and fillies, of all ages, which have never learnt to gallop, many of whom have never even been broken, and which, therefore, grow every day more and more worthless as racehorses. The colts, too, being of the high-couraged Sterling blood, grow coltish and tricky, and by the time they are three or four years old are very often worthless for any purpose whatever.

Thus it is that Mr. Graham has at last hardened his heart to get rid of a large number of animals which, had they been sold as yearlings, would have realised good prices, but which could not be expected to fetch anything like as much money now. The sale, which was mostly without reserve, came off on Friday last; and although prices were terribly low, and far below the value of the animals offered, they were nearly all sold. Racing-men, as a rule, will not buy horses that have been shut up all their lives and done nothing; and there was a lamentable absence of likely buyers at the ring-side when proceedings began, though I wondered there were not more breeders present, seeing how many highly-bred fillies were to be offered. The six two year old fillies included three by Pioneer (by Galopin), and the best price realised was 60 guineas for a bay by that horse, out of Tacita. Four two year old colts made small prices, and among the three year old fillies, of whom there were eight, the best was a good-looking chestnut by Pioneer, out of Acra, by the Duke. She was bought very cheaply indeed for 50 guineas, and is, I hear, to be mated with the New Zealand horse, Derringer. There were several good-looking fillies by Pioneer among these, but the highest price was given for a chestnut by Endurance out of Trice.

A three year old colt by Wire, out of Too Late, was bought by Mr. Perkins for 180 guineas, and looks like making a chaser some day; but of five others of the same age none reached more than 35 guineas, whilst two five year old colts, Kilmorey and General Gordon, were bought for 22 guineas and 13 guineas respectively. The four year old fillies ought to have fetched far more than they did, and Mr. R. Sherwood got two rare bargains in a bay by Enthusiast—Duke's Rose, and a chestnut by Pioneer—Amaranth, for 30 guineas and 45 guineas respectively. There were eight brood mares sold, the highest price given being 39 guineas for Quality, by Privilege—Sly Duchess; but none of the stallions changed hands, the reserves on them being far in excess of anything that they were likely to fetch. So ended this important sale; and although very poor prices were realised, and it is, of course, certain that the same animals would have fetched more money had they been offered without reserve as yearlings or even as foals, it must be satisfactory to Mr. Graham to feel that at any rate he has forty-two fewer animals to feed. There is no doubt that some of the fillies will perpetuate the fame of the Birdcatcher family at the stud, and more than one of the colts may very likely be heard of later on between the flags.

The Waterloo Cup meeting was brimful of surprises right up to the finish, when came the greatest surprise of all. Everything augured well for a splendid meeting on the Wednesday. The weather was grand, ground in capital condition, fur strong and plentiful, and the attendance excellent. The opening day proved a most disastrous one for followers of the favourite, for no less than fourteen of these went down in the first round, big odds in several cases being upset. The puppies came through the day's work excellently, but the next day's work proved too severe for them. Some of the greyhounds were of very moderate class; still the trials were of uniform excellence, and rarely has a more successful opening day been seen at Altcar.

During the night, however, the weather changed considerably, and following a hard frost, the morning broke dull and cheerless, and with a stiff south-east breeze blowing across the flats. The second stage was gone through in anything but inviting weather. Towards the close, too, rain fell heavily, but the meadows, protected as they are by thick grass, again afforded magnificent galloping. The hares on the Lydiat ground, where the opening portion of the day's sport was decided, and also on the second flat, ran strongly. As was expected, the puppies soon succumbed, Laurel Crown being the only one able to make anything like a bid for victory. In his course with Black Veil he had all the worst of the luck in having the outside in the run up, and getting on a short running hare. One of the surprises of the third round was the defeat of Hurroo (who was made favourite), by Happy Sammy. The latter made a fine effort in the next round, but found a rival too good for him in Five by Tricks.

In the fourth round the fancy were only wrong on one occasion, when Black Veil beat Laurel Crown after 9 to 4 had been laid on the latter; and at the finish of the day Five by Tricks, Fabulous Fortune, and Black Veil (all Lancashire greyhounds), with Gallant, were the four left in. The last-named, although he had got so far through the stake, still had but few admirers, and 2 to 1 could be had about his winning outright.

The concluding day, Friday, broke dull, but soon cleared up, and there was another large attendance. The whole of the seventeen courses were decided on the Withins, and were disposed of with great promptitude. Of course chief interest centred on the semi-final and deciding courses of the Cup, and when at twenty minutes past eleven Five by Tricks and Fabulous Fortune were taken to the slips, the excitement was intense; for it was expected that this course would practically decide the stake. Odds of 7 to 4 were laid on last year's winner, but the reckoning proved to be wrong, for after a clinking course, during which the pair struggled head and head for some distance, Five by Tricks, by genuine cleverness, secured the verdict. Whilst this was a stiff run, Gallant had a light one with Black Veil, and this may have had something to do with the ultimate result. It was half-past twelve when Gallant and Five by Tricks were placed on the leash, but, owing to the hares that came past being either out of reach or not sufficiently strong, it was fully twenty minutes later before they were let go for their deciding journey. The betting ruled at 6 to 4 on the Lancashire greyhound, who looked like going away at the start; but Gallant soon showed in front, and was two lengths ahead as he approached his hare. Five by Tricks tried to get up and kill, but Gallant swept round with his hare finely, and killed in grand style. The trial was a short one, but decisive, Five by Tricks never gaining a point.



Gallant is a third-season fawn dog, by Young Fullerton, out of Sally Milburn, and is the property of Mr. Thos. Holmes, of Jarrow, who purchased him for a mere song (£50), as a puppy, from Mr. Thos. Graham, of Corby, Cumberland. Gallant, who ran in the nomination of Mr. T. P. Hall, reached the semi-finals of the Waterloo Cup in 1895, being defeated by Thoughtless Beauty, the ultimate winner. Last year he did not get so far, being beaten in the second round by the runner-up, Wolf Hill. His form this season, prior to last week, was not of the best, and in some of his trials in the Cup he looked like going under at times; but there can be no doubt that his return to his old training quarters in Cumberland, in charge of his late owner, had brought him on tremendously.

The runner up, Mr. J. Pardy's second season dog, Five by Tricks, by Freshman out of Full Hand, although beaten, was by no means disgraced, for some of his courses were exceedingly stiff, and the semi-final which saw the downfall of the favourite was one which is not often witnessed even at a Cup Meeting. His running at the Altcar November Meeting fully warranted the trust placed in him, for over the same ground as traversed last week he put out Fabulous Fortune, Fortuna Favente and Faber Fortun in successive courses, so that his victory against the first-named last week only confirms his previous performance.

Mr. N. L. Jackson has broken out in a fresh place. He purposes taking a team of amateurs out to South Africa in June, to play a series of eighteen or twenty matches against Colonial elevens. The project has been very favourably received in the country to be visited, and I think it may be regarded as almost decided upon. Some of the brigade, ever ready to see evil in schemes they do not formulate or anticipate in, are already sneering about "amateurs on the look out for what they can pick up," but true sportsmen can afford to treat such remarks with silent contempt. Mr. Jackson has only asked for a guarantee of £2,000. Now to take fourteen or fifteen gentlemen to the Cape, and pay their expenses from the middle of June until the first or second week in September, will require every penny of that sum, especially as the necessities of life are not exactly given away at the Cape. The amount of good resulting from such expeditions can hardly be over-rated, for sportsmen can do more in six months to foster good feeling between the mother country and the Colonies than Statesmen can accomplish in as many years.

Affairs in the Rugby football world are just now at a critical stage. To the regret of all real lovers of the game the International Board last Saturday adopted a course of action in connection with the Gould case which left the Welsh Rugby Union no choice but to withdraw therefrom, and as a further consequence the Newport F.C. have since resigned membership of the English Rugby Union. These lines have to reach the printer ere the full results of the attitude taken up by the Board can become known. One of two things must happen, however. Either many hitherto loyal clubs in the West of England will renounce their allegiance to the Rugby Football Union, or all games between English and Welsh Clubs will have to be cancelled. The way out of the difficulty does not seem at all clear.

The Welsh Union are to be congratulated upon their firm and plucky attitude in closing the Cardiff ground for a period of five weeks. Mr. Geo. Harnett, who acted as referee in the Newport v. Cardiff match on February 13th, was mobbed by a certain unruly section of the crowd, with whom his decisions were not popular. The Welsh officials, whilst admitting that many innocent people are certain to suffer with the guilty, placed it on record that they would countenance nothing likely to bring the game into disrepute; hence the stringent action taken. If all ruling bodies had acted as promptly and decisively in the past it would have saved much trouble, and the "fighting player," to whom allusion was made in the last issue of COUNTRY LIFE, would not so frequently be in evidence at the present time.

Captain Simpson has resigned the secretaryship of the London Football Association. The reason given is that the gallant gentleman finds it impossible to perform his military duties and to satisfactorily fulfil those appertaining to his honorary position. It may be, however, that Captain Simpson does not find himself in accord with his colleagues on the Council, whilst rumour also has it that he contemplates taking an active part in the formation of a new professional club. Whatever the true reason for the resignation, it is to be regretted, for the retiring officer brought both tact and firmness to bear in the discharge of his duties, and men who can combine the two in a somewhat peculiar position are few. Mr. Charles Squires will be the new secretary.

As was pretty generally expected, England had no difficulty in defeating Ireland, under Association Rules, at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, on Saturday. From start to finish the game appears to have been a very fast one, but the superiority of the Englishmen was always pronounced, and they won by six goals to love. Considering that the winning eleven contained three amateurs, the result was pleasing to all who like to see the game played for its own sake. Fifteen matches have now been decided between the two countries, and the Irishmen have yet to taste the sweets of victory.

Under Rugby rules, too, the Irishmen had to take a back seat, for at Edinburgh the Scotch, despite their shortness of practice, gave a surprisingly good display, and defeated the Irishmen by eight points to three. There was a little bit of luck about the result, however, for both of the Scotchmen's goals were due to penalty kicks. Throughout the match was confined to the forwards, and, to the general surprise, the Scotchmen proved superior in that department. McMillan's splendid judgment was greatly answerable for this state of affairs, whilst the Irishmen neutralised more than one brilliant rush by deliberately playing the ball when off-side. P. O'Brien-Butler (of Monkstown), the Irish full-back, created a very favourable impression. He was wearing an International cap for the first time, yet exhibited all the coolness and resource of a veteran. He has yet to complete his 20th year, so that it is probable more will be heard of him in the future.

There have been further changes in the Oxford boat. A. P. Dowson has retired. Several reasons are given for this step. First of all, with all his power he did not shape as well after a few weeks' practice as it had been hoped and anticipated he would do, added to which, as it was very doubtful whether a boat could be built to carry so much weight in the bows and yet give thorough satisfaction, there were strong reasons for getting Philips back to his old thwart. A. Whitworth, a New man—in more senses than one—was thereupon tried at bow, Philips rowing three. There is, however, a chance of de Knoop being able to row again this year, in which case there is little doubt that he will occupy his old place (bow), to the exclusion of Whitworth.

If this prove to be the case, Oxford will have seven Old Blues rowing for the second year. There have, I believe, on a few occasions, been as many as six Old Blues in one or other of the two boats, but never so many as seven at either University. Cambridge have settled down rather earlier than their rivals, and are now in good work. As a crew, they shape very well; and, good though Oxford unquestionably are, the Light Blues will be tough customers to meet this year. Fernie is rowing in excellent form, and of those behind him the old Etonian, Dudley Ward, is a great acquisition of strength to the boat. Both crews are a very heavy lot.

Having regard to the approaching University Sports, a good deal of interest has been centred in the various college meetings recently held. With one or two exceptions they have not been of a notable character, but they have at least confirmed the opinion previously expressed in these columns, that both Oxford and Cambridge will be able to place very strong teams on the path for the all-important Inter-University Sports, at Queen's Club, in April. Trinity is particularly well off for useful athletes, and Cambridge will have to depend at West Kensington pretty largely on this college. W. W. Gibberd, the cross-country president, who has been showing fine form all the winter, has been doing some capital times for the mile and three miles, while the Rugby Blue, W. N. Pilkington, is, I understand, very fast over the quarter. It was remarkable that at the recent Trinity meeting J. H. Bullock, the weight and hammer Blue, and W. N. Pilkington should have twice won a dead heat for the 120 yards hurdles. In running off, however, at the conclusion of St. John's card on the following day, J. H. Bullock was returned the winner, breasting the tape in 18secs., but had Pilkington not fallen during the run in, the verdict might have been reversed.

The Light Blue miler, H. F. Howard, who won for Cambridge last year, is still in residence, and the ease with which he beat his field in the two miles at the Trinity Hall Sports, suggests that he has retained his form, although in the University Handicap, at the end of last week, he failed to finish in the first flight for the Mile Handicap. A splendid performance was accomplished by J. H. Bullock, of Trinity, who succeeded in putting the weight 39ft. 9in. Although this is not a record put, it is the best ever done on Fenners's Ground, and has moreover, never been

equalled in the Inter-Varsity Meeting. As Bullock last year won the event with 38ft. 2in., it may safely be regarded as one certainty for the Light Blues this year at Queen's Club.

The International Collegiate Match between Oriol College, Oxford, and Clare College, Cambridge, which was decided on the Dark Blue running ground last week, was followed with a good deal of interest. Last year Oriol were defeated by the odd event; but this time, although deprived of the services of T. R.

Deykin in the mile and the half-mile, they took five out of the nine events. The hurdles, seeing that E. T. Garnier was competing, was of course a gift for the Oxonians; but W. Campbell did good service for Clare by winning the hundred yards and the weight-putting. In both of these events G. C. Vassall, of Oriol, proved to be the most dangerous opponent, but in the long jump Vassall turned the tables on the Cantabs, and won prettily easily.

HIPPIAS.

## WITH THE WORCESTERSHIRE.

"FROST, snow, fog, rain and wind, whoever would stop in such a climate as this?" exclaimed a friend of mine who has just returned for a short time from South Africa. "I would," I replied, "and gladly. It always has been more or less the case with the weather at this time of year; but weather or no, hunting in Worcestershire is quite good enough to keep one in Old England, especially such as we have had this season, for in many years' experience I have never seen better." With a most energetic master, me of the best packs of hounds in England, and a huntsman who generally accounts for his fox, the Worcestershire hounds showed sport second to none up to Christmas.

Since then, as with all other packs, hunting has been a good deal interfered with by frost. But when the frost broke up we were all right glad to be able to get out again. The meet was at Broad Green, but on arriving there it was found that the snow was so deep that the master decided to go back towards Droitwich, and, if it should be in any way possible, to draw Goosehill, a veritable stronghold on that side. Thank goodness! by the time we had passed Hanbury Wharf the appearance of the country had decidedly changed for the better.

We were not kept long waiting, for almost as soon as hounds were in covert as fine a fox as ever wore a mask broke away over Dean's brook. Hounds were out in a moment, with a blazing scent that soon left the brook behind. This, by the way, proved an effectual stopper thus early in the run for a good many, and a cold bath to one or two others; but those who were lucky enough to get over had plenty to do to keep anywhere near hounds, for they ran over a very heavy line of country to Crowle, and nearly to Churchill. Bearing away to the left, they made straight for Bowood, and then to Grafton, running right through this big covert to Kites Wood, and with scent still good on they went to Kilkenay and Soldens.

After some capital hunting the cry was "Forward away!" to Grafton, and from there back to Bowood; but, fog coming on, it became so thick he was obliged to be given up for the day. It was a rattling run, quite one of the best of this season. Needless to say, it was a very hard day for horses and hounds, as they were running for more than four hours, with scarcely a check, over a very deep country; at times, too, the pace was very fast, and in such going hounds had naturally a good deal the best of it.

On the following day, Red Lion, Holt, was the meet, when the master, the Earl of Dudley, himself took the horn. It was a damp, drizzly sort of morning, but none the less on that account conducive to sport. Hounds were no sooner in Hawkridge than they proclaimed a fox on his legs. Going away at once from this big covert, which, by the way, is upwards of 200 acres in extent, they crossed Hawkridge Lane, away for Wickenford, where, being headed, the fox turned back into Hawkridge again; but, scent being really good, they drove him right through the covert and across the road for Little Witley. Turning away to the Worcester Road, they made for Shrawley. They were now getting close to him, and, after running him hard to Holt, they rolled him over in the open, after an hour and ten minutes of really good work, with hardly any check. After drawing two or three small places blank, they found again at Croydons Coppice, and got away close to the fox, and ran him hard to Witley Court Churchyard, where they lost him altogether; and whether he found a resting place there or doubled back, or what, I cannot say; but, anyhow, nothing could be made of him afterwards. We next drew Deer Barn Wood, and found here again; but after running round the park and covert for some little time, scent became bad, and we were obliged to give it up for the day and make for home.

Friday: Pershore Lane and Roads. A thoroughly soaking wet day; and very few were bold enough to face the elements. We drew one or two places blank found in one of the Spetchley coverts, and ran for a short time towards the Croome country; but scent being bad, and the country fearfully heavy, our master very wisely decided to go home, all being thoroughly drenched.

BLACK CAP.

## WITH THE QUORN.

MONDAY morning opened with a thick fog, but the elements were in the end kind, and the mist cleared sufficiently for us, at any rate, to see our way to the meet. For a long way the outlook was very doubtful, but on arriving at Thrussington it was quite clear. For a Monday, the meet was fairly large, and being a very awkward place for a lot of horse-people and carriages, one seemed to notice the crowd more.

After the usual law a move was made to Cossington Gorse, a rare holding covert. It proved quite equal to the occasion, for very soon a whimper was heard, and in almost no time we were in full swing after a stout fox. He first seemed like facing the open on the top side, but eventually he favoured the lower end, and went away as if for Seagrave village, the whole field going pell-mell down the side of the covert, a real Quorn scurry. He was a little undecided at first, but eventually turned sharp to the left, and went away at a fair racing pace past Radcliffe College.

Crossing the road at the back of the Hall, he bore to the right, intent on saving his brush in the well-known and dreaded sand banks, but for once the foot people scored, and made Reynard alter his course. Thus disappointed, he went for Syston, but falling short of this place once more turned to the right, and coming back past the College, reached the Hall through the gardens, and succeeded in finding a sure refuge in the sand banks. Firr cast about and tried a covert handy, but all to no purpose; so we left him to peace and quietness, and hoped for better luck with him next time. Although the run was short, the line of country taken was not by any means the easiest. There were several dirty coats and a muddy habit or two at the finish. Trotting slowly back to Cossington Gorse, we hardly seemed to have heard Firr's "Hark, forrard, in my beauties!" before hounds were again in full cry. But this Reynard seemed wary, and took his time about starting. When he did make a move, Seagrave Valley was the point he made for. He ran well, but got turned a field or two from covert. Then, bearing to the right, he ran straight into Thrussington Wolds; but there was no rest for the wicked here, and out he had to come, and was viewed away. Firr soon had the bulk of his hounds on the line, though one or two seemed to think that more fun was to be got in covert than out of it, and tried hard to stay behind. They crossed the road for Burton, and came away for Burton village, where, after running about a mile, the fox comfortably located himself in a stick heap. It was useless waiting for his reappearance, so we hied back to Craddocks Covert, which proved blank, as also did Thrussington Wolds, and another spinney in the hollow. This finished the day, not a bad one, all told.

On Friday Gaddesby Hall was the meeting place, and a gay and festive throng was there. The park seemed thick with horse-people—quite a crowd, although the ground was so rotten with the rain of Thursday night that it could not be other than bad going. After a wait, we trotted to Ashby Pastures covert, where at first there was an ominous stillness, and people wondered when this sure finding place looked like failing us; but after awhile the welcome note was heard. Reynard took a little getting out owing to the lower end of the covert being thick; but, finding hounds determined, he did at last face the open, and was viewed away making the best of his way to Thorpe Trussells. Here he made a short call, but was hustled out for Thorpe village, but turned off and ran by the Hall, across the Great Northern Railway. Making for Ashby Folville village, he ran round it and pointed for Barsby; but, changing his mind, turned sharp round to the right as if to hark back to our meeting place. At first it looked as if he was making for either Gaddesby or Brooksby Spinneys; but, evidently headed by foot-people, he veered off to the right, and once more found himself in the pastures. Here every effort was made to induce him to show, but without avail. Thorpe Trussells failed to respond to the second visit, so we moved on to Adam's Gorse, where a fox was soon found which took us over Burrough Hill, round the Punchbowl to Little Dalby, where we lost him. After this, the weather getting worse and worse, most of the field made for home.

CHASSEUR.

## PEOPLE WHO GO OUT HUNTING.—II.

THE man who goes out hunting is generally sure to be known by the size of his sandwich-case and by the depth of his whiskey flask. To him, luncheon is all-important. Indeed, one almost wonders why he goes out at all, unless it be that he can find no reasonable excuse for not doing so. Some ladies come out hunting with the avowed intention of not jumping a stick, because they have not got the nerve. They are not laughed at—we are only sorry for them; they are, at least, honest, and do not pretend to do more than they can achieve. But it is not so with the man. With him it would require more courage to be honest, and say what he thinks, than to charge the stiffest fence. His transparent excuses for not going at any particular place cause his friends to smile and the ill-natured to sneer. In this the gentler sex have the advantage, for a certain amount of timidity is allowed them; if a lady's heart

may not sometimes fail her, why, whose may? It is the want of that honesty which the man dares not show that makes him the amusement of the field. How often at the beginning of a run, when we feel that we are in for a good thing, do we see a beautifully-clad, pink-coated rider, with a horse wildly champing at his bit—a horse whose one idea is to be up and doing—turn away from the stream of horsemen and trot off in the opposite direction. In answer to a wondering enquiry, he says it is his confounded stirrup-leather, and he will have something to say to his man when he gets home. At first we sympathise, and are really sorry that the poor chap should be done out of his run; but after a time we get used to it; and, in fact, we anxiously wait for the sign of the dangling stirrup, for it means that by some occult power Captain Shirker has divined that there is danger ahead, and that this fox means going. I know of one man



whose hunting days are Tuesday and Thursday. On the former day he says he must ride with discretion, as he must save his horse for Thursday; and when the next hunting day comes round, it either has to be spoilt by straight riding, or else he finds that the heavy going on Tuesday has loosened a shoe.

Another man I know of is devoted to hunting and riding; but curiously enough he knows nothing of either. He has unbounded nerve, puts his horse at fences that most people would

think twice about, has fall after fall—some really bad one's—but rises up smiling (when he has recovered consciousness), and pursues his way nothing daunted, and is ready for his next fall; he cannot stick on and he cannot ride, and he knows it. He came home triumphant one time from a long day's hunting, saying that no one could accuse him to-day of not having been in the right place, for, said he, "I have never left the huntsman's heels all day." Our hearts bled for the weary horse that he must have had in his stables that night.

I was once hunting with a West-country pack. The meet was at a large country house, and we were received by our host, clad in an irreproachable pink coat and white leathers, and looking quite as if he meant business. As we were trotting off to the home covert, he remarked to me that I need not be afraid of getting "stuck" here, as wherever I saw a small flag I would know that it was safe to jump. He said, with some little satisfaction, that he had had them put up that morning. I stared in amazement thinking that he must have been joking; but he saw nothing odd in what he had said. In fact, he looked as though he were waiting to be complimented upon his bright idea. He served under the flag a good deal that day.

A bad and shabby dresser in a man does not necessarily mean work, as it mostly does in the case of a lady; but there is, notwithstanding, an undefinable something in the bad dressing of the man who hunts which distinguishes him from the bad dressing of his less sportsman-like companion. In spite of his bad turn-out, he looks at home. I was once hunting with some stag-hounds when a man rode up to the meet in a very "scratch" get-up. My companion pointed him out to me, laughing; but I replied that for all he might say, I was sure that the man rode as straight and as hard as anyone. Later in the day, on asking a member of the hunt who the oddly-dressed gentleman was, I was told, "Oh! that's Crasher, don't you know him? The greatest bruiser we have, an awfully good chap." Somehow, in spite of his clothes, I had spotted him.

The little nothings that go to make a whole are very subtle, but they are very sure.

To some men the art of hunting is an instinct, nothing more or less; and they who possess that instinct are greatly to be envied by their companions in the hunting-field. One man that I could mention possessed this instinctive knowledge to a wonderful extent. I have seen him in an utterly strange country—and a very difficult one it was to ride—as soon as the fox broke covert, and hounds were well on to him, settle down to ride and pick out his own line, as though he were familiar with every yard of the country. The oldest member of the hunt could have followed him and not have found out that it was a stranger to the country who was giving

## THE FITZWILLIAM HOUNDS.



Photo. by A. R. Thompson.

ON STAMFORD RACECOURSE.

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A FAVOURITE MEET.

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ON THE WAY TO BEDFORD PURLIEUS.

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him his lead. And not only did he know his own line, but he knew that of the fox also, for he always seemed to know exactly where he would go; and if for a few minutes hounds were lost he would say in what direction he thought they were, and in following him we were sure to go right. I have never seen that man at fault, which, when I further add that he was decidedly deaf, is saying a good deal. He was one of the finest horsemen and one of the best men to hounds that I have ever met.

Of course, a good man like that has to suffer for it, in a small degree, by being followed. Let a man follow, but let him learn how to do so. Following does not mean treading on another man's heels and dogging his footsteps the whole day, much to that same man's annoyance. Keep a good man in your eye, by all means, for in following him you pick up a few useful hints; but you need never let him know that he is being

followed; keep him in sight, that is enough. Ladies and men alike, both often transgress in this particular way, till the poor victim who is being dogged is often tempted to put some barrier between himself and his tormentors, over which they can follow him with their eyes only.

Those who ride and those who do not ride, those who lead and those who follow—all go out to enjoy themselves, which each, in his own way, does to his heart's content. The ignorant sometimes, from want of experience, will put himself or his friend in a position of danger, or perhaps draw down upon his own head the wrath of the master or the huntsman. In both cases he will hear of it at once, and from his correction will learn better for another time. For in the hunting field whatever the amount of straight riding, there is, as a rule, plenty of straight speaking.

A. H. D'A.

## THE CULMSTOCK OTTER-HOUNDS.

**A**MONG the various kinds of hunting which have from time to time been depicted in these pages the hunting of the otter has up to now not found a place. The accompanying illustrations depict a very well-known West-country pack, with which in time past some capital sport in pursuit of this waterside quarry has been shown. Those who have taken part in otter-hunting affirm that it is a most exciting sport, and certain enthusiasts even go so far as to designate it

the best of all sports of the chase, fox-hunting even not excepted. And though it may not bear quite that general reputation, it is admittedly sport of a high order. It is no easy matter to get photographic pictures of hunting at any time, and, from the nature of things, most of all is it difficult in the case of otter-hounds.

The scenes of our illustrations, **KEEPING TRYST** and **TAKING THE WATER**, are most appropriately laid on the River Otter, in beautiful East Devon. Mr. Fred. Collier's celebrated ten

couple of fox-hounds, Welsh harriers, and drafted stag-hounds, comprise the Culmstock pack, which were formerly hunted by Mr. F. Collier's late uncle, Mr. William Collier. The latter was, in his day, a great sportsman, an artist in the three great departments of rod, gun, and horn and hound. For over fifty years a master of otter hounds, Mr. Collier hunted hounds throughout one hundred seasons: for the fox was his quarry in winter, and the otter in summer. He was a living exemplar of the true saying that the sound of the horn is heard all the year round in Devon. His knowledge of all the details of the art of venerie was as reliable as it was encyclopædic. He knew everything worth knowing—knowable, indeed—about the otter, his favourite beast of chase. He ever insisted upon blood and preservation (the two being practically synonymous), and that the otter, instead of being a foe, was the trout-fisherman's friend, destroying the eels, the dire enemy of Fario spawn and ova. Whether upon the Exe or Barle, or far away in the New Forest, the grand old man was a mighty trail hunter, and pretty sure to catch a view of his otter, which he usually brought to hand. When he had passed the three score and ten period he would tramp long distances to his meets, take the water, and walk fifteen or twenty miles, with staff in hand.

His mantle has descended upon the shoulders of Mr. Fred Collier, who has provided his hounds with the much-needed convenience of a van, for many of his fixtures are very far distant from kennel. Last spring Mr. Collier took his hounds to Switzerland, in response to an invitation, returning in time for the Devon season.

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.



Photo. by Scott and Sons, Exeter.

**KEEPING TRYST**

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Photo. by Scott and Sons, Exeter.

**TAKING THE WATER.**

Co. yrl ht.



## DERBYSHIRE TROUT STREAMS.

## THE PICTURESQUE DERWENT

NOT long ago the rugged breasts of Kinderscourt and Cowburn in the peak were flecked with snow, and the trout streams that struggle over their rocky courses in the woodlands were fretted with tracery of ice. Now there is evidence of the coming spring in the valley, and from the Duke of Norfolk's shooting-box on the upper reach of the Derwent, that rises in the moorland, down to Willersley Castle, Mr. Arkwright's place at Cromford, there is thought of angling. It is in the latter sweep of the river that the best fly-fishing and the best scenery begins, and for miles north-westward these two delightful qualities characterise the Derbyshire Derwent. The river is easy of access by rail from town and from northern city, and wherever you strike it—in the rocky, wooded glen that has made Matlock famous, or the Darley Dale meadows, or the Chatsworth parkland, or higher up still in the lap of the peak—

the great limestone crag, or on the fringe of wooded height, with nothing to break the silence except the murmur of the river or the song of bird.

The great volcanic rent in the strata of Derbyshire has hereabout its most grotesque shape, and between the huge rocks below Matlock Bridge the river flows at such depth that if you cast from boat you should preface your pastime of angling with a knowledge of swimming. It would be awkward if your craft capsized at the bend. For a quarter of a mile higher up the river the water is more or less polluted by industrial need, and the fishing often poor; but in Darley Dale and in Chatsworth Park the Derwent is clear and sportive, and yields many fine trout and grayling (in their season).

The Chatsworth Fly-Fishing Club had a staunch friend in the late Lord Edward Cavendish, who placed many healthy

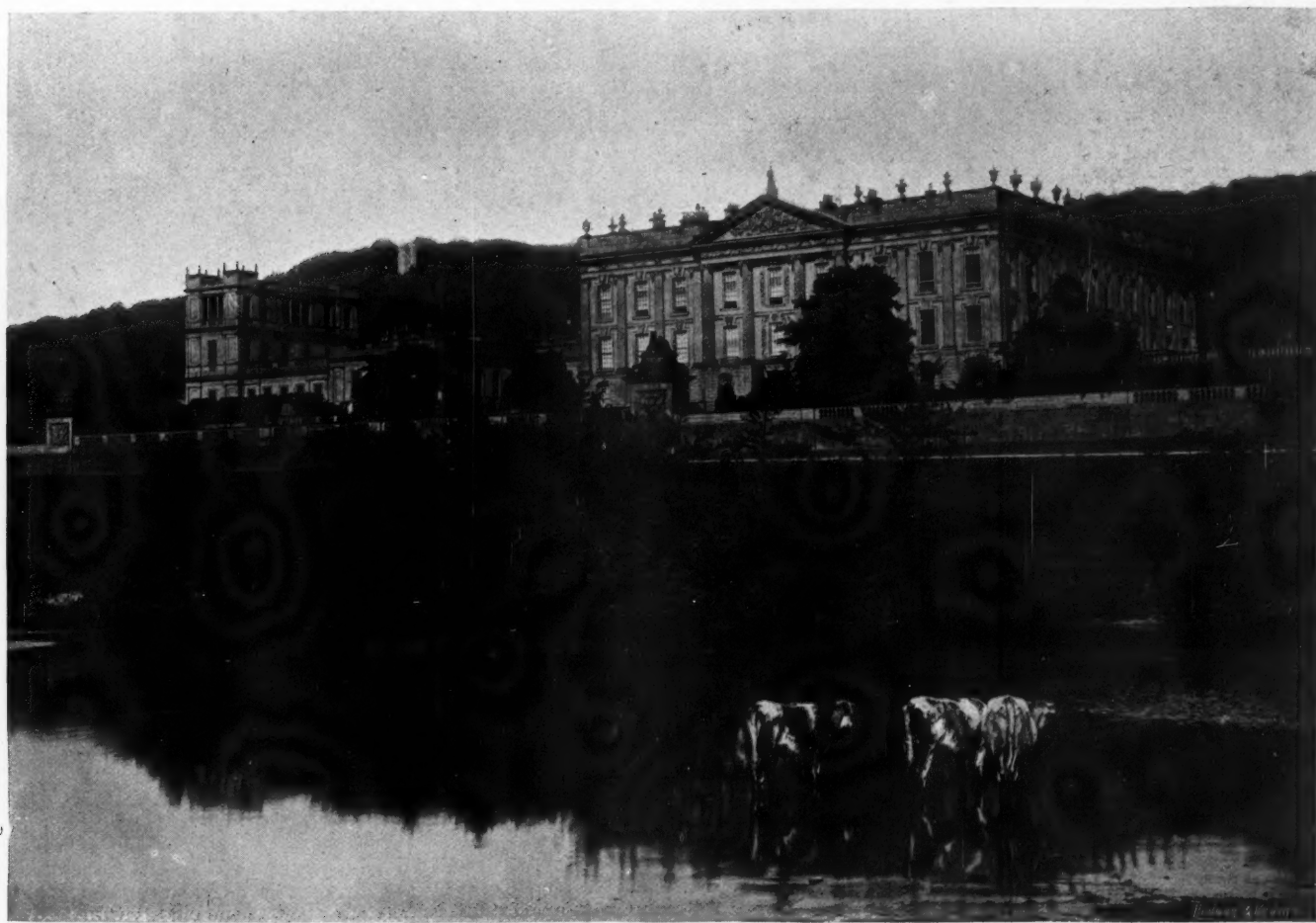


Photo. by Frith and Co., Keigate.

CHATSWORTH FROM THE RIVER.

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you will see some of Nature's finest pictures, be invigorated by the pure breeze that frolics in the dale, and get, either wading up stream or fishing from the bank, trout angling as good as any to be enjoyed in England.

No river is better stocked or preserved, for the angling associations do their utmost to keep the water in condition and well found with trout. Not only Derbyshire, but Loch Leven fish thrive; and the tourist angler, who has no difficulty in obtaining a daily or weekly ticket, can indulge to his satisfaction and health advantage in the art that Isaak Walton loved.

John Ruskin has aptly said with regard to the county that its beauty is in its glens. "The wide acreage of field and moor is wholly without interest; it is only in the clefts of it and in the dingles that the traveller finds his joy; and in these clefts every charm depends on the alternate jut and recess of rock and field, on the successive discovery of blanched height and wooded hollow; and above all on the floriated banks and foam-cripsed wavelets on the sweetly wilful stream." In these words he gives a graceful epitome of the scenery through which the Derwent flows, and it is possible, even at Matlock, which resounds with the voice of the tripper and the whimsical diversion he affects, to get with rod and fly-hook into sylvan solitude, at the foot of

trout in the water; and since his death the members have done much to maintain the superiority of the fishing. They have a charming angler's haunt, whether they fish within sight of the great house, the stately seat of the Duke of Devonshire, or above the sculptured bridge, or further away on the river's brim in the remoter depths of the park, where the deer shelter "in the shadow of the whispering trees" by the Derwent side. The domain, with wide-stretching pasture and prodigal woodland, is rich in tradition: here dominated by the moated prison of Mary Queen of Scots, and on the foliated height yonder by the hunting tower, the outlook years ago of the ladies of the house when they wished to view the chase. This part of the river is also associated with the humble but interesting career of George Butcher, "the Walton of the Peak." He was one of the most skilful fly-fishers in the county, a man ready with quaint sayings and anecdote, and could tie a fly with the best. He knew every niche of the upper reaches of the Derwent—in fact, one rhymester has said:

"He knows each pool of the stream about,  
And every stone that conceals a trout;  
Some say he knows the fish as well,  
Both where they were born, and where they dwell."

It is in the Chatsworth Baslow, Froggatt Edge, and Hathersage districts, all near the river, that you meet the truest type of Derbyshire man, not so versatile perhaps as George Butcher, for he was an angler and master of many trades; but shrewd, thoughtful men, strong of limb but chary of speech. They partake somewhat of the character of the grim, heather-clad hills about them; but they give the lie to the adage:—

"I' Darbyshire who're born and bred,  
Are strong i' th' arm, bu' weak i' th' head."

They are powerful in body, of muscular fibre, like all men who live in a hilly land; but they are astute in mind also, slow thinking, but firm in decision. They know the value of a sovereign quite as well as a Yorkshire dalesman or the keenest operator on the London Stock Exchange; indeed, one of them

abounds with trout and grayling. Any club member can give visiting anglers the privilege of trying his skill, but even if you have not the angler's enthusiasm, this upper reach of the river is worthy of your acquaintance. Since the Midland Railway Company opened their new line through the peak, the higher lengths of the Derwent are within quick touch of town. From Sheffield it is only a few minutes' railway ride to Grindleford, and the walk through the woodland, by the riverside to Hathersage, is a stroll to be remembered when you are back in the whirl of business, or perplexed and anxious in your struggle for fame. The quaint, grey stone village of Hathersage, full of memories of Charlotte Brontë, and the resting place of Little John, Robin Hood's right-hand man, is a hamlet in which to loiter; and at the summit of the winding road, high above the village, you are in one of the wildest parts of Derby-



Photo. by Frith and Co., Reigate.

THE RIVERSIDE TERRACE AT MATLOCK.

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revealed such business capacity that he actually traversed the trade wisdom of the Biblical person who made the excuse: "I have bought a piece of land, and I must needs go and see it." "Aye, 'e wor a fule!" exclaimed the peakman. "A pretty fule that for yer, to gou and buy a close o' land 'ed niver seen i' is life!"

Perhaps the most charming stretch of the Derwent is that from Grindleford Bridge, through Hathersage to Bamford. The river tumbles, spray-crested, by lichened boulders, or caresses the trailing foliage that dips from high or low bank to its breast. In some places the trees cluster so thickly that only dibbing can be indulged in; but the river is only deep at rare intervals, and wading, you can cast freely, generally with gratifying reward. The Derwent Fly-Fishing Club, one of the crack angling clubs of the county, has the right of sport on this water, which

shire. At one end of the little ravine road, through the rocks, appropriately called "The Surprise," you have a surprise indeed. On the one hand, the moorland—sombre, and billowy with heather—stretches for miles away, its undulating contour sharply broken to the left by jutting gritstone crag, and to the right relieved by the many-windowed façade of Longshawe Lodge, the shooting-box in which the Duke of Rutland entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales. On the other hand, far below you in the deep, lovely valley, the river gleams like a band of silver. It has lapped the base of Winhill, and received the pretty waters of its tributary streams the Ashop and the Noe, and comes, with many a swift current and swish of foam, by field, garden, farm-house, cottage, and beneath the old stone bridge at Bamford, on its way to Derby and the Trent through a rural paradise that the upper Thames can scarcely equal.

## FEN SKATING.—II.

IN the Metropolis of Fen skating, and the place of greatest repute, is Welney, which is a straggling village of large area but very small population. It is one of the most inaccessible places one could conceive of, and at certain times is unapproachable on one side during wet seasons when Welney Wash is flooded, across which the high road runs and is staked out in places, but most of the way a row of pollard willows on either side mark the road. The water is often

sufficiently deep to come up to the bottom of a cart. The Wash, when flooded, is an enormous stretch of water, about three quarters of a mile wide, and twenty-three long. It is used as a vent for the flood-water coming down the Hundred Foot river, and is the space between those two curious straight lines representing rivers on all maps of England. When this is converted into a sheet of ice it affords famous skating, but this does not happen often. It might be safely said that six men might be picked from Welney





Photo. by Frith and Co., Reigate.

THE PICTURESQUE DERWENT: HATHERSAGE BRIDGE.

C. J. R. 84

and neighbourhood that could contest the rest of Europe. It was here the famous family of Smarts were all bred and born. Their skating history takes us a long way back. So far back as 1854, when Turkey Smart, by beating the then admitted champion, Larman Register, of Southery, became famous. From that time for many years after, he held an easy supremacy, having an able second in William See, who will always be known all over Cambridgeshire as "Gutta-percha See." He earned this *sobriquet* by his marvellous endurance. He was not a finished skater, like Turkey Smart, but owed his success to his physical endurance. Right on till 1874 Turkey Smart bore all before him, but at last youth conquered old age, and Watkinson



I SMART.

of Welney became the admitted champion. About this time the National Skating Association was founded, and established a national championship with belt and badge, etc. The rising hope of the Smart family, George Smart—better known as Fish Smart, owing to his amphibious habits—a nephew of Turkey Smart, then came rapidly to the front, and stood farther above his contemporaries than any skater previously known to history. He simply remained unapproached till age, hastened by unwise living, caused him to give way to his brother, James Smart. The respective merits of James and Fish Smart are hard to gauge, but I am inclined to believe that James Smart is the fastest Englishman of all time. Owing to friction with the ruling body James Smart



ROUNDING THE BARREL.



MR. J. LINDAHL.

did not compete for one last championship, but he is beyond doubt the fastest Englishman. Thus we see the Smart family have headed the list for forty years, with the exception of the few years when Watkinson reigned supreme.

Two sons of old Gutta-percha See, George and Isaac, are both first-class men of to-day. The writer can well remember George See skating to a standstill against Fish Smart the day after the great snowstorm in 1881. From that time forward he held an easy second to the brothers Smart, and owing to the absence of James Smart he won the championship in 1893. Now another entry will presumably be received for championship honours in the person of Mr. Lindahl, who is a Norwegian by birth, but resident in England. He suddenly appeared at a match at Littleport, and bore off first honours, beating all

the best fenmen. He has been a skater of considerable repute in his own country. In international skating England has more than held her own. James Smart and George See have met and beaten the pick of Friesland and Holland, even when conceding to their oval courses. The only man who has beaten our representative, James Smart, is Harold Hagan, the Norwegian champion. He is undoubtedly the superior man, but it must be remembered that he gets six months skating wherein to train. There is little doubt that could our men do the same, and get thoroughly acclimatised to the excessive cold, they would render a good account of themselves.

During the short spell of frost which visited us this January a few races only were held, and in these the downfall of the fenman was complete. Both at Littleport and Peakirk Bates, who is a Lancashire miner, beat the pick of the Fens in the most decided manner; while in London the professional champion Allen and his runner-up chase are not fenmen; moreover, Mr. Sid Markham, the amateur champion (London) cannot claim that distinction. However, one swallow does not make a summer, and it will be necessary for a more crushing defeat than this to take place before the fenmen are eclipsed.

The perfect system of drainage now carried out in the fens makes it difficult, except in very hard frosts, to find suitable venues for skating races. There is now, in working order, a spacious artificial rink at Littleport, some thirty acres in extent. This was constructed by a benevolent resident, the late Mr. Thomas Peacock. It is managed by the Littleport Skating Association, under their able secretary Mr. Tillet. This rink is kept flooded all the winter months, and is soon available for skating, and here have been run many of the best matches of late years. Owing

to some reason, not easily explained, the National Society for some time refused to grant it a license for amateurs, and many local skaters have incurred the risk of being debarred from all N.S.A. races. This friction is now removed, and all is peace, a circumstance much to be desired, as a society of the influence and wealth of the Littleport Association would prove an ugly enemy to the parent body. To those who really want to see the fenman enjoying his one sport, for he has no other, I should strongly advise a trip to Littleport; it is easily reached by rail from Liverpool Street.

I should advise all voyagers to Littleport to leave their acmes at home, purchase a pair of runners, and proceed to business, closely imitating the numerous good performers they will see there. It will open up new possibilities. Then should they be fortunate enough to find the river frozen, they can explore the fens and enjoy a skate perhaps of forty miles. There they will find the roads deserted and everyone taking to the ice highways; there they will see all classes, young and old, male and female, hurrying along, some off to Ely Market may be, others out for enjoyment.

String after string of hardy fenmen, all in a line like wild ducks flying, go hurrying past, all in the most perfect time, with every movement synchronous, and should the visitor try to keep up with the party he will find there is more in straight-ahead skating than meets the eye; for if not learnt in childhood, it is an accomplishment very difficult to acquire. And when he comes away I think feelings of contempt at the fenman's gait will be turned to admiration, and not a little wonder as to how so inelegant a walker transforms himself into the best style of skater known in this country, and produces the fastest and most enduring skaters of Europe, who have worthily upheld the position of England in international races.

CHARLES SILCOCK.



# AFTER - DINNER

By Horace G. Hutchinson  
Sketches by R. André

"WHEN I was at Westward Ho! some years ago," said the professor, "they told me that the old original course—the first seaside course there ever was in England, if I am rightly informed—was a far finer course than that in which Taylor learned his golf, and on which they were playing then. It used to go out to the lifeboat house, as I am told."

"And, by Jove, Flegg," said the colonel, "it goes out *beyond* the lifeboat house to day. But what you say is all right, all the same. The course has undergone great changes. In its earliest days there was the little iron hut out by the pebble-ridge. The course began there in those days, and the iron hut was the club-house. There were days even earlier than those, before they had even an iron hut. At first they had no club-house—used to throw down their overcoats on the pebble-ridge, and go out straightway and play."

"What! And nowhere for a drink!" young Robert exclaimed.

"And nowhere for a drink," the colonel repeated with much gravity. "After a while, though, this want was recognised and rectified, at first in an occasional tent, on medal days, such as we see now at the meetings of the old club at North Berwick. Then the club betook itself to a bathing machine, wheeled out from Westward Ho! And then came the iron hut, which I remember the old Westward Ho! golfers regarded with just about as much pride as if it had been Solomon's temple."

"And you went over the Alps?"

"We went over a great ridge of huge sandhills, something like the Himalayas at Sandwich, called the Alps; but after a while the sand blew out over the turf, so that all that country became impossible. It spoiled the old ladies' links—I mean the old links of the young ladies—with a bow to Miss Flegg, "which were close by that pond which we call the inland sea, and it ruined also all that beautiful ground towards the lifeboat-house which we used to call the "Elysian Fields."

"And which have now come into play again."

"Yes, after years of rest, the turf has again got the better of the sand, and now they not only play as far as the lifeboat-house, but even a hole beyond—a short hole out into the corner where the sand-hills bend out towards the river's mouth. And, of course, long before this last change, the old iron hut in the pebble ridge had been abandoned, and the club had its quarters in the big building—by no means to be called a 'hut,' though still of iron—where it now stands."

"With three holes," the professor added, by way of commentary, "between the present club-house and the site of the old one."

"Three on the way out," said Bob, "the first three of the

course; but on the way home the same space has been hammered into two holes, the seventeenth and eighteenth, with a nice shot, to finish, over the little stream."

"Not always 'over,' by Jove," the colonel growled.

"Nor always, my dear sir, much stream," the professor observed. "It is terribly apt to stagnate, and then the club, too, approach it with a smelling bottle."



"I don't care," Robert maintained stoutly. "It is the best course in the world. It's a shame they don't play the championship on it."

"Too far—too far off," said the colonel, "for the Scotsmen."

"No farther than Sandwich, if they go by Bristol."

"It is a remarkable thing, my dear sir," the professor said, "that by a dispensation of Providence all our really fine golf links are extraordinarily inaccessible; Sandwich and Hoylake are almost the only exceptions."

"Macrihanish, in the Mull of Cantyre, is said to be the best in the world," the colonel observed, in confirmation, "and one only gets there by boat from Glasgow, followed by goodness knows how far in a trap."

"And one of the chief hazards," said Robert, "is a savage bull, who particularly objects to red coats. Every golfer who goes to Macrihanish starts out in a red coat, then the bull chases him home to change it; and when he comes out in something quiet and modest, he lets him go on with the game quite good."

"Make one terribly nervous over the putting," the colonel commented—"the notion of an angry bull watching you just over the brow."

"Do you remember, my dear sir," the professor asked, with a smile, "the occasion on which a lion escaped from a menagerie on its way from Anstruther to St. Andrew's? It was supposed to have found its way out to the links, and I can well recall the extreme caution with which every golfer and every caddie peered over the edge of each bunker and round every whin bush that morning, expecting the lion *couchant*."

"Jack Robinson," the colonel said, "who used to play a very fair game of golf on Wimbledon Common, commanded a ship down off Patagonia. He started his men playing golf, to keep them from idleness; but the caddie always had to stand by with a drawn revolver in his hand, to shoot any native who might otherwise take a pot shot at the golfer putting on the green."

"By Jove," said Bob, with a chuckle; "worse than the mad bull of Macrihanish! There is a better natural links in the world even than Macrihanish, and even farther away. I have it on the authority of 'Old Tom,' and you will not want a higher, that really the finest natural golf links in the whole world is in South Uist, in the Outer Hebrides."

"It's a safe saying," the colonel commented. "No one has ever been there to contradict him."

(To be continued.)

## COUNTRY HOMES: BISHAM ABBEY.

WITHIN less than a mile of Marlow, but on the Berkshire bank of the Thames, stands the grey old abbey of Bisham, as every lover of the river knows. It is not the house of the monks, though the painted doorway and the hall remain from the ancient foundation of Montacute; but it is a house built by Tudor gentlemen who made their mark in their time. The broad, transparent stretch of the river, the emerald lawn, the towering elms, and the romantic house, with its embattled gables, superb in its rare grey colouring against the shadowy green, make a picture never to be forgotten by those who see it when the dark lines lengthen on the grass as the sun goes down. Bisham Abbey, and the neighbouring church, lifting its ancient tower through the trees, with the lovely landscape of the neighbourhood, have been painted often, from the days of De Wint and the old water-colourists to these. We are familiar with the lovely woodland masses, the moss-grown roofs, and the well-kept gardens, which make Bisham the gem of a most romantic stretch of the river, and it may be doubted if the oarsman ever weaves half the romantic legends that are fittingly gathered about the place.

Bisham or, as it was once called, Bustleham, came by the grant of the Conqueror to Henry de Ferrars, and by him was given to the Templars, who seem to have had a preceptory here. However, this may be, the place afterwards passed through several baronial hands to William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and it was he who, in the year 1338, founded it as an Augustinian priory. Imagination may picture it as it stood, gloriously embellished, in those days,



THE ABBEY FROM THE RIVER.

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though few vestiges now remain to speak of its former state. Within its walls many famous men were buried. William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the founder, and his son, who distinguished himself at Poitiers, were the first of these.

Then came John, Earl of Salisbury, attainted and beheaded in 1400; and his son, again, Thomas, "the mirror of all martial men," who fought valiantly and fell nobly at the Siege of Orleans, in 1428. Here, too, was brought the body of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, who was beheaded, as a Yorkist, at York, in 1460. After the fatal day of Barnet, when the "king-maker" and his brother Montagu fell, their bodies were carried to St. Paul's, and there, stripped to the breast, lay on the pavement for three days, exposed to the public gaze, "to the intent that the people should not be abused by feigned tales, else the rumours should have been sowed about that the Earl was yet alive." Quieter resting-place these bodies found at Bisham, though no man can tell precisely in these days where the bones lay of the man whose martial clank rings through our mediæval history—the "last of the Barons," indeed. The body of Warwick's great-grandson, Edward Plantagenet, son of the Duke of Clarence, and the luckless lord who was beheaded in 1499 for attempting to escape from the Tower, was also brought to Bisham. Before we pass on to more modern days in this hasty sketch of the place, let us recall the dim, old story of the squire who persuaded the daughter of William, Earl of Salisbury, to elope with him, when her father was about to set out for the Holy Land. Misfortune overtook the pair, for she, as they say, was sent back to her convent,



FROM THE GARDEN.

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Photo. by H. W. Taunt, Oxford.

BISHAM ABBEY.

Opp. right.

while he, confined in the tower of Bisham Abbey, made a hasty attempt to escape, and, falling heavily through the breaking of the rope by which he was about to descend, was grievously injured, and thereafter took the habit of a monk.

At the dissolution, the last prior of Bisham, Barlow, unlike some more sturdy men who were dragged to the scaffold, conformed, and became Bishop of St. David's, and, strange to say, the father-in-law of five other bishops as well, himself, as would appear, looking meanwhile very much after the loaves and fishes. The place was granted to Anne of Cleves, Henry's disappointing and, therefore, rejected bride; but she, liking it little, exchanged it with Sir Philip Hoby for a house in Kent. Sir Philip was a friend and brother-in-law of Cecil, who was his guest at Bisham, and a diplomatist also, being the last ambassador sent by England to the Pope. Sir Philip's brother, Sir Thomas, who afterwards died as ambassador in Paris, succeeded him at Bisham, and there, for the space of some three years, had charge, through his sisters-in-law, Ladies Cecil and Bacon, of the Princess Elizabeth. She liked the place, which is nowise surprising; and it is recorded that the bay in the great chamber and a dais were built for her satisfaction. Some time ago her "bath" could be seen in the garden. When the two brothers were dead, the widow of Sir Thomas, who was a most learned lady, buried them under a splendid monument in Bisham Church. It may be seen to this day, with its inscriptions in three languages, ending with a serious comicality which shows the lady was not inconsolable. "Give me, O God!" she exclaims, "a husband like Thomas, or else restore me to my husband Thomas!" Without him, or an equal paragon, she could scarcely exist, and she found, let us hope, the latter in the

person of Lord John Russell, to whom she was married in 1574. It was the Hobys who built and adorned the existing Bisham Abbey. A beautiful specimen it is of a Tudor house, with many gables and mullioned windows, and its well-known tower rising above the whole. The ancient hall, which was restored some forty years ago, is a fine apartment about sixty feet in length, with a good three-light lancet window, an oaken gallery, and a buttery hatch. Here hangs the curious portrait of Lady Hoby, widow of Sir William, in her weeds, with coif and wimple, and face and hands of deathly whiteness. The dark story runs that, being of an exceeding bad temper, she beat to death her little son William, because his clumsy fingers blotted his copy-book as fast as he wrote. She still, as they say—and no man will aver the contrary—expiates the foul deed by walking in a certain room at Bisham—it may be when the moonlight falls through the pane, and the clouds drift across the sky—her white face black, and her dark dress white, washing her hands, like another Lady Macbeth, in a basin which is mysteriously carried, without apparent support, before her. It is a hard thing to believe, perhaps, but here, as if to confound the incredulous, the very blotted books of the poor boy were discovered secreted beneath the mouldering floor.

From the Hobys Bisham at length came to the Vansittarts, and is now the seat of H. J. Vansittart Neale, Esq. It is a noble heritage, and the visitor will linger long to watch its changing beauties, and explore the delightful wooded country in which it is embowered, the quaint village and church, the remarkable tithe or conventual barn, and many other charms of this beautiful district of the Thames.

JOHN LEYLAND.

## ELSENHAM SHIRE HORSES.

THE Elsenham Shire horses are renowned from one end of the world to the other, so that portraits of stock bred there by Sir Walter Gilbey are sure to possess interest for many readers of COUNTRY LIFE.

The present season is neither suitable for photography nor the proper one to see Shire stock at their best; but our artist was fortunate enough, in view of the then approaching show of Shire horses at the Agricultural Hall this week, to obtain

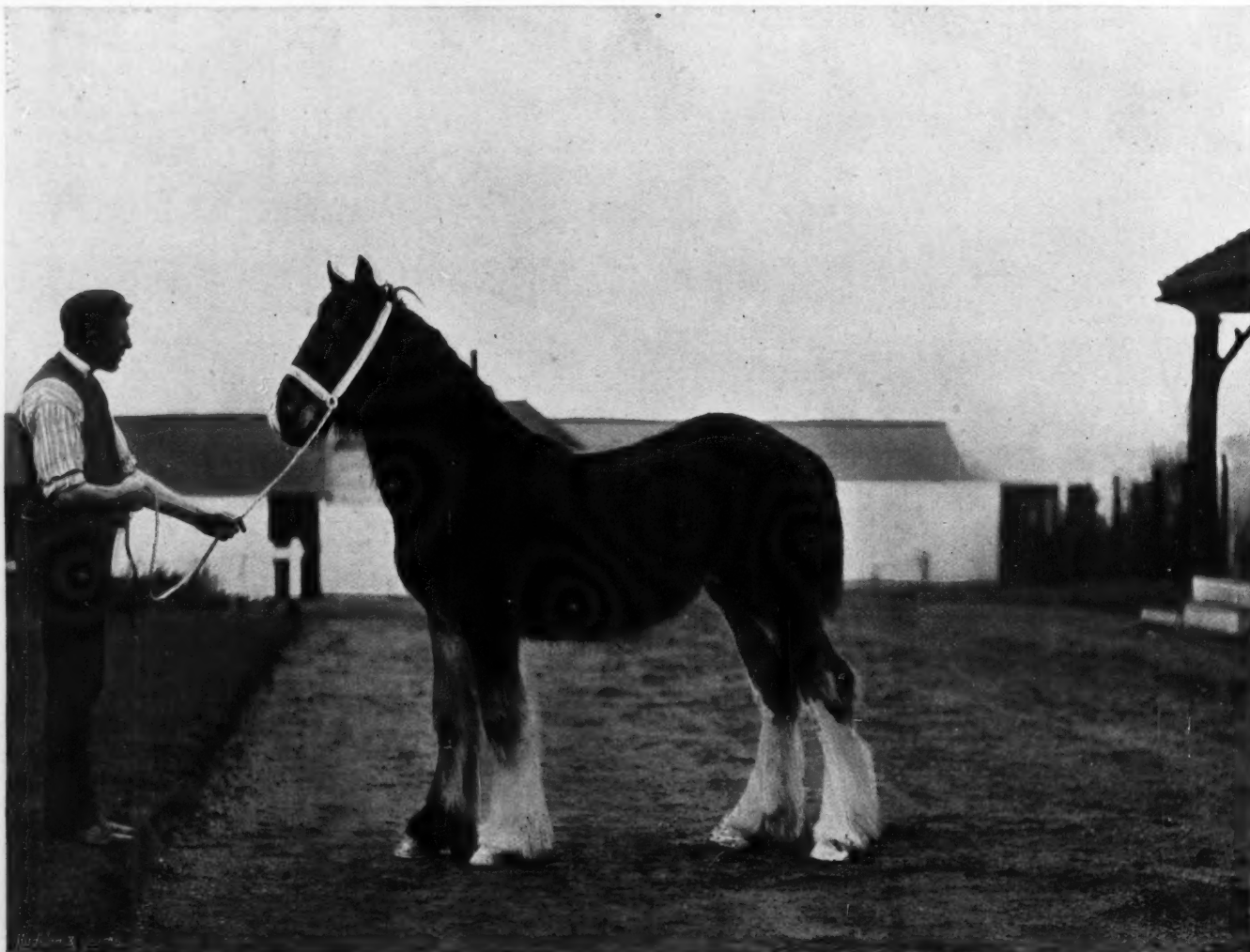


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

WARESLEY GEM.

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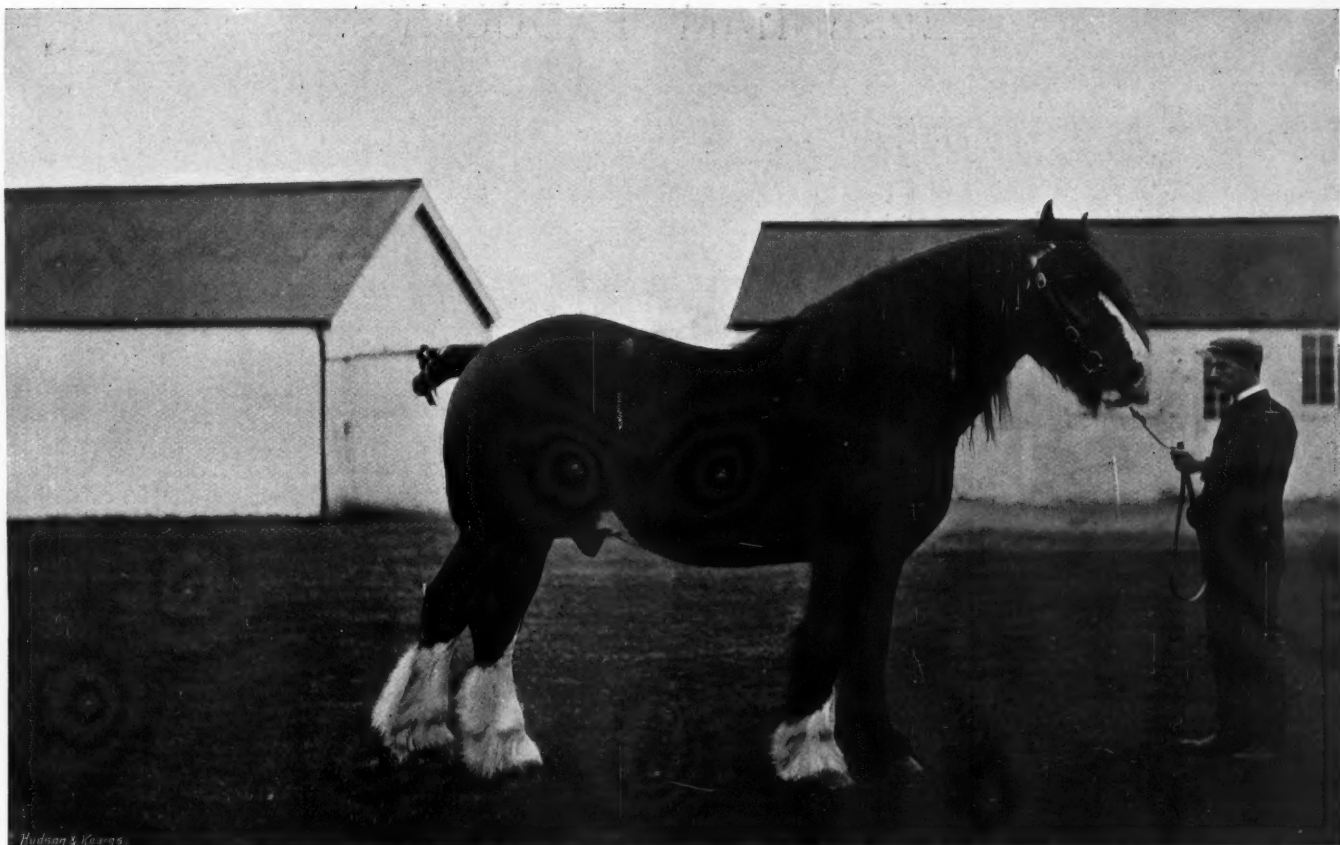


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SAXON HAROLD.

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permission to attend at Elsenham and take the three portraits reproduced in these pages. A fourth one was also taken of a beautiful cart mare, but through one of those unfortunate mishaps which occasionally overtake photographic efforts, the plate turned out of no use.

WARESLEY GEM is a chestnut yearling filly by Kennett—Hitchin Cloddie II. She is already a prize-winner, having taken

second prize at Peterborough as a foal, last year, and first and champion at Royston, also in the foal class.

Our other two portrait illustrations are both of four year olds, SAXON HAROLD and SAXON SAM.

Saxon Harold is a four year old black horse, foaled in 1893, by Harold—Shire Bella. He took a third prize, at London, in 1895, and in the following year took a first prize at Eastbourne,

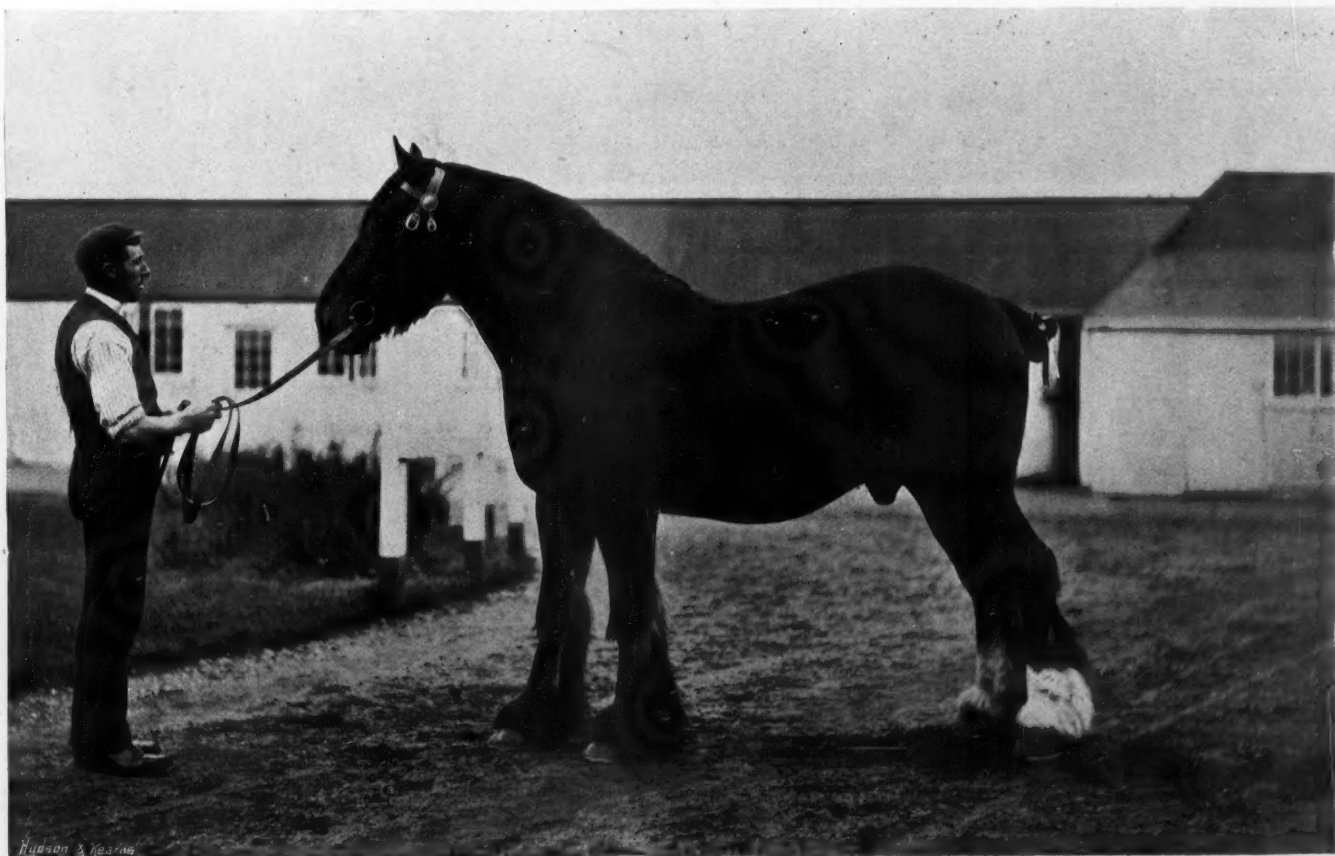


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SAXON SAM

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## ELSENHAM PADDOCKS.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE PAVILION AND RIDING SCHOOL.

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and later on was second at the Bath and West of England Agricultural Show, held at St. Albans, in 1896.

Saxon Sam is a four year old bay horse, foaled in 1893. He was shown as a foal, and took second prize in that class at the Essex Agricultural Society's Show, at Romford, in 1893. He is by Mars Victor—Olinda.

Elsenham is far too interesting and important a stud to be

dismissed in such a summary manner as is only possible to-day with the materials at hand; but later on in the season, when the light is better, and more of the quadrupedal inmates of the establishment are fit to have their portraits taken, we have been very kindly promised a further opportunity of putting its many interesting features before the readers of COUNTRY LIFE in a more comprehensive form.

## THE SLEDMERE STUD.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE STABLES.

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**W**HAT a name Sledmere is to conjure with in the world of sport, and how many memories it recalls of great horses bred and reared at its famous stud farm! What sensational bidding, too, we have often seen when

Sir Tatton Sykes's yearlings have been led into the sale ring, and how many classic races we have watched being won by these same yearlings in after years! Nor is the reason of this success far to seek, seeing that Sir Tatton spares neither





EXERCISING YEARLINGS IN THE PARK.

Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

SLEDMERE FROM THE PARK.

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time, trouble, or money in getting together the best mares to be found and mating them with the best horses. A good instance of this was his last year's sensational purchase of La Flèche, and if she herself never brings back the thirteen thousand guineas which she cost, she is worth all the money to such a stud as this, and the merits of her blood will be seen in future generations of Sledmere yearlings, long after she herself is dead and gone.

Among the young thoroughbreds which were foals on the occasion of my last visit there, and which are now yearlings, I must mention first the colt by St. Simon, out of the speedy Mimi, by Barcaldine, her dam the Lord Lyon mare out of Sadie, by Voltigeur.

This colt is a good deal inbred to Blacklock, and is full of running blood on both sides of his pedigree. He certainly ought to be a good colt, and so he undoubtedly is. He is a blaze-faced, with four white feet, a lot of length and reach, and his sire's back and quarters—in fact, quite a good one all over—and if he is not a racehorse I shall be surprised.

The son of Marcion and Marchioness, by Pellegrino, her dam, Baroness, by Stockwell, out of Escalade, by Touchstone, is another very fine colt, a chestnut, with plenty of bone and a lot of quality; and so, too, is the bay colt by Royal Hampton, out of Claribelle, by Uncas or Beauclerc, her dam, Grisette, by Dr. Syntax, out of Pardalotte, by Stockwell.

This is a beautifully-bred youngster, and a real good-looking one, too, whilst he moves like a racehorse, and ought to make one.

A colt that will set men bidding when he swaggers into the

sale ring at Doncaster is the handsome brown brother to Childwick, by St. Simon, out of Plaisanterie, by Wellingtonia, her dam Poetess, by Trocadero, out of La Dorette, by The Ranger.

Here, too, we get a double cross of Voltigeur, the value of which was proved by Childwick, who was a real stayer—he won the Cesarewitch in 1895—and a better horse than he generally got credit for being.



Photo. by Rouch.

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COLT BY ST. SIMON—PLAISANTERIE.

Among others of the same age which I particularly noticed were a useful-looking bay, son of Orme (who gets very good-looking stock indeed) and Sybil; a chestnut colt by Marcion out of Symmetry, by Distin out of a Macaroni mare; and a bay colt by Fernandez (brother to Isonomy) out of Wedlock.

Among the fillies—which are all worth a lot of money as brood mares, whether they race or not—most of them will, if looks go for anything—were a very high-class bay by Morion out of Lady Yardley, by Sterling, her dam Leda, by Weatherbit; a blaze-faced chestnut, by Marcion out of Elizabeth, by Statesman, her dam Fair Rosamond, by King John out of Seclusion, by Tadmor, who looked like going very fast indeed; a very good brown by Bend Or, out of Chrysalis, that will fetch a lot of money when she is sold; and a bay by Saraband, out of The Bat, by Hermit, her dam, Cicely Hackett, by Le Maréchal.

I shall expect to see some very tall bidding when Mr. Tattersall takes this lot in hand in September next.

There is no doubt that the success of every breeding stud depends more on its mares than on anything else, and in this particular the Sledmere stud is exceptionally well off.



Photo. by Rouch. COLT BY ST. SIMON—MIMI. Copyright—"C.L."



A very stoutly-bred mare is Chrysalis by Lecturer, out of Winged Bee by Artillery, her dam Queen Bee by Harkaway, and it is worth noticing that her offspring are gifted in a remarkable degree with the race combination of speed and stamina.

Her daughter Philomel, by Philammon, was a really wonderful performer, who took part in a great number of races, and seemed to be equally at home over either short or long distances; whilst another daughter of hers, the beautiful Laodamia, by Kendal, in my opinion one of the best mares ever seen, won both the Stockbridge Cup of six furlongs and the Doncaster Cup of two miles last year, and has amply proved that she can not only gallop very fast indeed, but stay for ever, too.

A great mare was Mimi, by Barcaldine, out of the Lord Lyon mare, from Sadie, by



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PLAISANTERIE.

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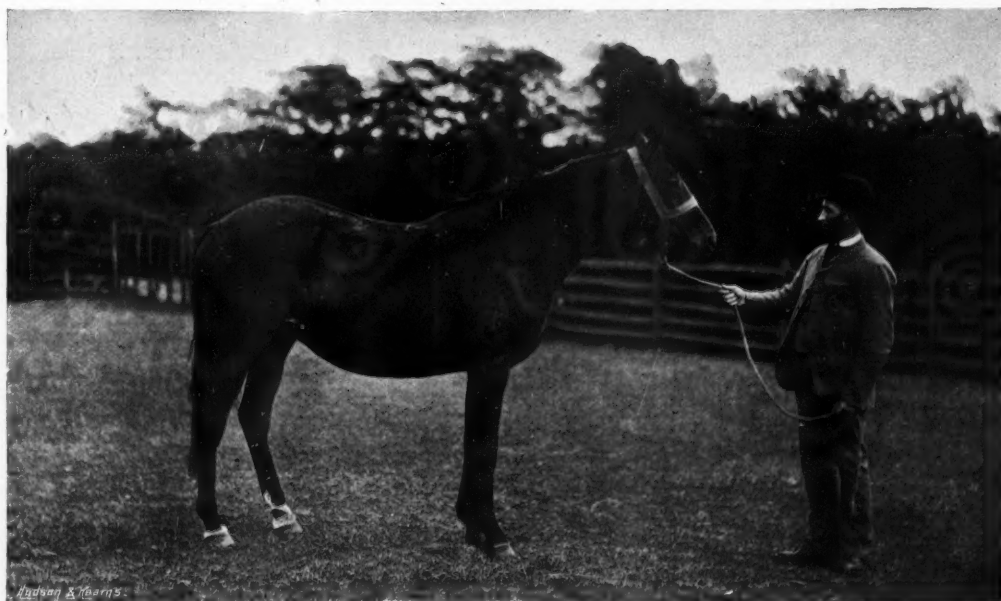


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

REPRIEVE.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ELIZABETH.

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Voltigeur, who won four races out of six as a two year old, and the following season took the One Thousand Guineas, Newmarket Stakes, and Oaks.

A rare good-looking sort she is, too, whilst, being still quite a young mare, she will probably be the dam of something very good indeed some day.

Another winner of the One Thousand Guineas is Elizabeth, by Statesman, out of Fair Rosamond, by King John, her dam Seclusion, by Tadmor.

This is a very good-looking brood mare, and was a bit more than useful when in training, too, as she won six races out of the eleven she started for as a three year old, including the one mentioned above.

She is getting on in years now, but has given us a very smart filly in Wise Virgin, and is very likely to breed another as good before she has done.

Reprieve is another beautifully-bred mare, especially on her dam's side, being by Queen's Messenger, out of Prowess, by Saunterer, her dam Woodcraft, by Voltigeur. She was a smart two year old, and out of eight efforts was six times victorious, whilst from her blood she should certainly breed something quite as good as herself.

What a marvellous racer was the French filly that, in 1885, walked off with our Cesarewitch and Cambridge-shire! This was Plaisanterie, by Wellingtonia, out of Poetess, by Trocadero, her dam La Dorette, by The Ranger, and a direct descendant of Whisker. She had already won twelve races in her own country, as a three year old, before she came over here, and beat all our best stayers for the biggest long-distance handicap of the year. A fortnight later on, carrying a 14lb. penalty, and with 8st. 12lb. on her three year old back, she

beat that clinking good five year old Bendigo, 9st. 8lb., and added the Cambridgeshire to her Cesarewitch victory. What a wonder she must have been that day! She has grown into a beautiful brood mare, and has already shown us what she can do by giving us Childwick, a real good racehorse, and a stayer of the first water.

Among all the blood stock sales of the year there is none which causes greater interest than that of the Sledmere yearlings, and the lot which were sent to Doncaster last year were certainly as good-looking a party as were ever seen. Among them was a beautiful brown colt by St. Simon, out of Musketry, and of the lot I think I liked him best. He has, I hear, grown into a grand two year old, with size, power, and liberty, whilst I never saw a colt with better limbs. It should not be forgotten that his dam is very strongly inbred to the same

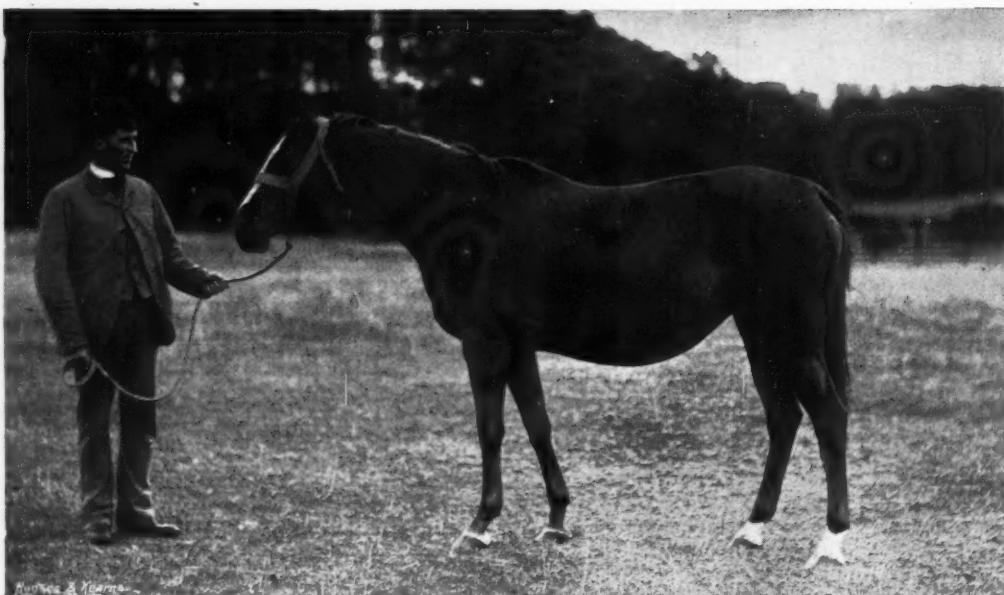


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WEDLOCK.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

MIMI.

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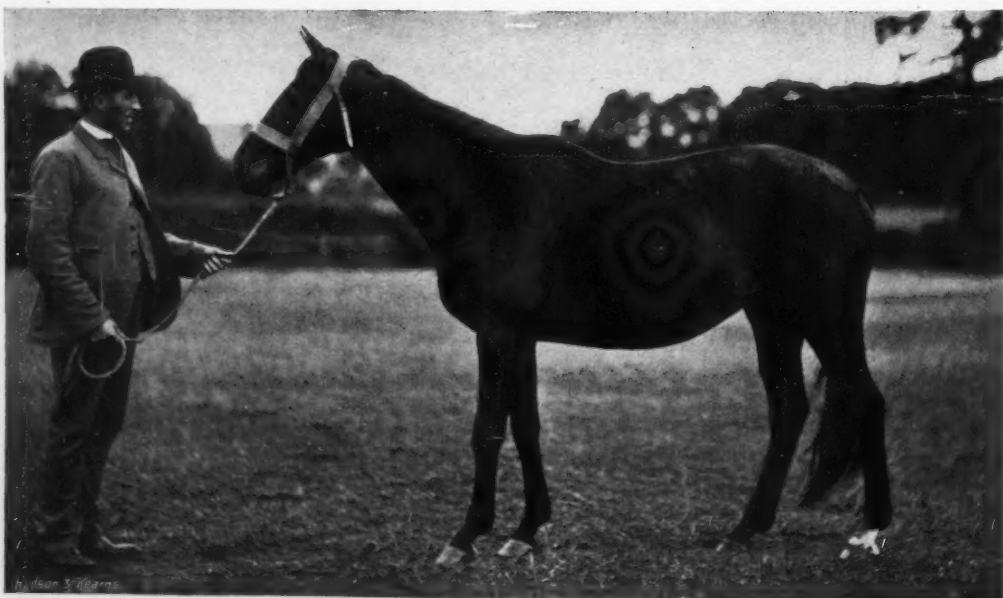


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CHRYSLIS.

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family as that of which La Fleche is a member. In fact, he is ideally bred, is a grand colt, and almost sure to make a great racehorse.

A well-grown, powerful colt was the bay by Galopin, out of Heresy, with a lot of length and liberty; and then I saw a big, deep-girthed colt, that looked like growing into something very good, in the brother to Ralmoral, by Hampton, out of old Kate Craig. He is a bay, with size, power, bone, and the best of limbs, and representing as he does the cross of Hampton on Blair Athol, it will probably not be long before he wins a good race.

The chestnut colt by Saraband, out of The Bat (dam of Palaverer and Buthampton), is a long, low youngster, showing great power, and plenty of quality, too. This is just the sort that might grow into something very good indeed, and he has, I believe, gone on in the right way since his yearling days. A very good sort indeed and a race-bred one is the bay colt by Galopin, out of Lady Yardley, and therefore brother to Buckingham, for whom Mr. Wallace Johnstone gave 1,000 guineas, and no more than he was worth, I thought. He is a compact, square-built sort, with plenty of liberty, and a rare sort all over. Another good one is the bay filly by Amphion, out of Claribelle, a very blood-like young lady, with the best of limbs, and absolutely certain to gallop.

I might have mentioned that 4,000 guineas was offered for the Musketry colt at Doncaster, but his reserve being 5,000 guineas, he was not sold, nor was the promising Kate Craig colt, who is now, I believe, in training at Jewitt's, and as these are all now two year olds, I shall expect to see most of them winning races before long.

UBIQUE.



## BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

THERE was no lack of sport, under National Hunt Rules, last week, of which the principal feature was the defeat of the hitherto unbeaten Montauk in the Wimbledon Hurdle Race, at Hurst Park, on Friday. There were only three runners, of whom Shellingford had no pretension to beat either of the other two; and as it seemed impossible for Harold to give 19lb. to the American four year old, it did look a certainty for that brilliant young hurdler. If ever it seemed safe to lay odds it did on this occasion, and many a careful backer who generally refuses to do so now laid 8 to 1 eagerly. All went well for a time, Williamson riding a waiting race, as usual, until about six furlongs from home there was a sudden yell from the Ring, and we saw that the favourite had run out. He was quickly brought back, and had no difficulty in catching and passing Shellingford; but old Harold had got too far ahead, and although Montauk made up enough ground to show how easily he would have won, but for this contretemps, he failed to reach Mr. Ward's old gelding, and suffered an eight lengths' defeat. Why he ran out I cannot say, and if he is going to take to it it will be a lamentable case of another good horse gone wrong; but he made up his ground, after coming back into the course, in a style which showed how fully justified were the odds laid on his winning, and I am inclined to think that it was a mere temporary aberration. At any rate, I hope so.

The week's racing began on Monday, at Manchester, when ten runners went to the post for the three and a-half mile Manchester Steeplechase. Of these no less than five are in the Grand National, among whom was Prince Albert, one of the powerful Weyhill contingent, and once a real good horse. He is still very short of work, and can doubtless be made a lot better before the 26th of next month; but he has been for some time on the shelf, and I fear has lost his form. At any rate, he ran badly on this occasion, as also did Chevy Chase, who started favourite, and Lotus Lily, whilst Goldfish fell, and all these four may be put down as having hopeless chances at Liverpool. We cannot quite say the same about the winner, Timon, a rare-bred horse for jumping, being by Timothy, out of Mabel Emma, by Silvio—Festival. He made most of the running, and won in a canter by ten lengths. He beat nothing of much account, it is true, and he had all the best of the weights; but he jumped well, ran like a stayer, and has only got 9st. 10lb. to carry at Aintree.

There were plenty of excuses made for Chevy Chase when he was beaten on Monday, and he was backed again on Tuesday for the Salford Steeplechase. He turned the tables this time on Whitehead, who had finished in front of him on the previous day; and he also had Lotus Lily behind him again; but he had to knock under by a length to Bugle, and he is evidently not so good as he was thought to be.

A very nice horse is College Green, by Baliol, out of Village Green, by Town Moor, who won the February Hurdle Race; and then the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase proved fatal to the promising chaser Peter Melville, who fell and broke his neck, the winner turning up in the improved Misanthropist, by Ascetic, whilst the day's proceedings were brought to a conclusion by the useful Athel Roy, who is by that successful Irish sire Atheling, winning the Stretford Steeplechase.

At Leicester, where the going was phenomenally good, considering the weather we have been having, Mr. Linde's old horse Niblick made his second appearance of the week in the Glen Hurdle Race, but he had nothing to do with the finish, and is evidently a light of other days. He is a well-bred horse by Favo—Nightmare, and was once a smasher over timber; but having broken down all round, he tried stud life, until, being found a failure at that, he was put into training again. Had he been a gelding he would probably have been winning races still, a remark which also applies to another great horse of Mr. Linde's, Red Prince II. Ben Wyvis was naturally made favourite for the Tapton National Hunt Flat Race, for which the Irish horse Velox, whom I have long been expecting to win a good race, was also backed at 7 to 2. The winner, however, turned up in the 10 to 1 chance Lumberer, by Edward the Confessor, who beat Velox by a length and a-half, with Grudon third, and the Epsom horse, who was giving 10lb. to the three first, fourth.

On Thursday, the four year old Carriden, who is by Enthusiast, out of Wild Hyacinth, and who had won the County Hurdle Race at Manchester on the first day of the week, earned another bracket in the February Hurdle Race, wherein he gave a three lengths beating to Lord of the Dale, with the useful Melton Prior third; and as Keelson and Anchovy were among the unplaced lot, the winner is evidently useful. Old Niblick came out yet again, and finished third in the Selling Steeplechase, and then Father O'Flynn ran third to Fortune and Lord-Lieutenant for the Harrington Steeplechase. He was giving 2st. 7lb. to the first, and 2st. 5lb. to the second, so that not too much attention need be paid to the form, and he would very

nearly win his second Liverpool this year with 11st. 7lb., if he would only try, which it is as nearly as possible certain that he will not.

The best racing of the week was undoubtedly that at Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday. On the first day, Facundo, by Ormonde—Philosophy, of whom it was once hoped that he would be as good as his sire, won the Wentworth Steeplechase; and the Hurst Park Selling Hurdle Race was the good thing it looked for Golden Ring, who won by three lengths, and was subsequently bought in for 400 guineas. De Beers broke down in this race, and the once brilliant Prince Edward was unplaced.

The *piece de resistance* on the second day was the Saturday Steeplechase, and many sportsmen, no doubt, travelled to Hampton Court to see Cathal, Rory O'More, and Nepcote meet over three miles of country on even terms. None of the three, however, looked half fit, and the result was exactly what might have been expected from the betting, which was 11 to 10 Cathal, 9 to 4 Rory O'More, and 3 to 1 Nepcote. The Epsom horse made most of the running for a little over two miles, when Cathal went to the front and won easily by four lengths, with Nepcote ten lengths behind the second. I do not think this form has any important bearing on the chances of the first and third for the Grand National, and I think it is as likely as not to be upset at Liverpool next month, although, of course, Cathal is entitled to every respect as being sure to jump the country and to stay to the end.

For this race Cloister has been struck out, as I was sure would have to be the case before the day, and Stratocracy, who I hear has been suffering from splint trouble, has gone badly in what little betting there has been. Cathal has been backed at 10 to 1 since his Hurst Park victory, but, although he is sure to run well, I doubt if he will be able to give 7lb. to Nepcote, if that horse goes to the post in his best form. I hear the best accounts of Wild Man from Borneo, who is sure to run well; and I have a liking for Ford of Fyne, in spite of his Sandown Park defeat. Prince Albert, Chevy Chase, Gameshot, Lotus Lily, and Goldfish have all put themselves out of court during the last week; but Timon with only 9st. 10lb. might run well.

There will be a good day's sport at Sandown Park tomorrow, whereat Prioress may win the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Tibocrat the South-Western Steeplechase, and Melton Prior the Aiselle Handicap Hurdle Race, unless Gazetteer were to take it into his head to do his best, in which case he would probably win easily.

UBIQUE.

## TOWN TOPICS.

There seemed to be considerable difference of opinion as to the correct style of dress to wear at Prince's on the evening of the skating fête. Many went sumptuously appraised in evening toilettes, with fur-trimmed brocade and velvet mantles to defend them from the cold. But all the *habitués* were smart afternoon attire. The Duchess of Teck had a bonnet, the Duchess of Devonshire one of her favourite toques, Mrs. Ronalds a toque, with the usual folds of turquoise velvet and aspiring osprey, while most of the younger women had picturesque hats. One of the latter was white felt, with black velvet and black feathers held in with paste buckles. Accompanying this was an ermine cape mounted in a black velvet "storm" collar, on which were appliques of fine creamy lace, alternating with jet embroideries.

The costumes of the twelve ladies who skated were admirable, save in one detail, which went far to spoil the whole effect. The red cloth of which the skirts were composed was just the right tint to be effective on the ice, bright and soft, and the chiffon bodices matched it exactly. The band of dark fur bordering the skirts and simulating a zouave on the bodice gave the correct finish, and the toques, in two tones of red, with aigrette in the brighter, were as becoming as even toques can be. But the white gloves spoiled all! Why were they not black?

The scene was a remarkably gay and pretty one, and the cotillon was all the more effective for the great space at the disposal of the performers. Those seated behind the glass barrier opposite the orchestra had by far the best of it.

The *fête* was held with the object of raising funds for the building of the London Homœopathic Hospital. The idea originated with the Hon. Algernon Grosvenor, who is a member of the hospital board of management, and is, as everyone knows, a renowned and accomplished skater.

The opening last week of St. Saviour's, Southwark, the new Cathedral Church of South London, may be said to have been one of the most impressive ecclesiastical functions of the century. The Prince of Wales, who laid the memorial stone of the new nave in the summer of 1890, and who has taken the keenest interest in the work of restoration, arrived at the church with the Duke and Duchess of Teck exactly at three o'clock, and was received in the reception room by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Southwark, and various other clergy, who form the Chapter of this new Cathedral. While the National Anthem was being played, the Royal party were escorted to their seats by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the City Marshal, Sword and Mace-bearers. The procession of the choir and clergy was then formed, and coming from the north aisle it passed up the nave into the chancel. An immense number of ecclesiastics were present, for, in addition to those already mentioned, there were the Bishops of Winchester (who preached the sermon), Lichfield, St. Albans, Ely and Stepney, of Bloemfontein, Ballarat and Rockhampton and Bishop Barry, the Archdeacons, Rural Deans, Canons, Rectors and Vicars of the Diocese, the Chapter of Rochester Cathedral, the Provost of Eton, and the Headmasters of Harrow, Winchester, and Charterhouse.

The magnificent grandeur of the building, standing as it does in one of the poorest districts of London, is most striking; and great praise is due to Sir Arthur Blomfield, the architect, for the wonderful transformation he has achieved in his reconstruction of the nave and transepts. The historic interest attached to the church is quite unique, seeing that part of it is supposed to date back a thousand years, and during that time it has been closely associated with many of the leading men of English letters. Gower, the father of English poetry, is buried here, so also are Philip Massinger, John Fletcher, "Shakespeare's brother Edmund," and many others. It is the intention of the present incumbent, Dr. Thompson, to permanently record these facts by means of memorial stained glass windows, and one has already been dedicated to Philip Massinger, and another to William Shakespeare, who is supposed at one time to have lived at Bankside, and to have been a regular attendant at the church.

Olympia on Saturday presented the customary unfinished appearance to be seen on the opening day of an exhibition. This one is described as an International Cycling and Motor Car Exhibition, but samples of the latter class of vehicle were conspicuous by their absence. There seems to have been great difficulty in obtaining any of these exhibits, which, after all, do not appear to be going to set the Thames on fire, as so confidently predicted twelve months ago. The most popular and interesting feature of the Exhibition will undoubtedly be the cycle racing, and this may go far (if the numbers on Saturday are often repeated) to retrieve the bad luck which has hitherto attended Olympian ventures.

In accordance with the regulations of the National Cyclists' Union, under whose rules the racing was held, no mixed races were allowed, and those in which women took part were termed "exhibition races." Great excitement and interest was, however, shown in these, which may have been partly due to the fact that a large foreign contingent took part. The racing opened with a grand promenade of all the riders, the ladies wearing black knickerbockers with bright coloured blouses and sashes, and the general impression given by these brilliantly-attired individuals, as they flew round the track, was that of a swarm of gaily-coloured dragon-flies. The French women proved themselves to be far the superior riders, and won the finals in all instances. F. C. Armstrong, who attempted to beat the indoor record for five miles, was unfortunately frustrated by falling when he had only completed two.

Is it a fact that soldiers have all the same type of face, Is there something in their calling which so stamps itself on the countenance as to reduce all to one uniform expression, or is it only that the artist forms his ideal of a typical soldier and paints all nations alike from one model? These are questions suggested by the exhibition of military pictures now on view at the Hanover Gallery. The majority might be called portraits of soldiers in uniform rather than pictures. English, French, Russian, German, and Dutch are all represented, and the nationalities of the painters are as varied as the pictures. Mr. E. Bayard's "Waterloo," and "Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow," by L. Kratke, and "The Execution of Charles I.," by E. Croft, R.A., are a few exceptions, as these pictures portray really interesting subjects.

## INTER-UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL.

THOSE followers of football who, in spite of the wet morning, the gloomy outlook, and the generally unfavourable meteorological conditions prevailing during the earlier part of last Saturday, travelled to the Queen's Club, West Kensington, had their reward during the afternoon in an improved state of the weather, and the real treat that was provided for them by the Inter-University Association match. A good game throughout the contest ended in a victory for Oxford by one goal to nil, a result which, it must be confessed, came as a surprise to most people. Public opinion strongly favoured the chances of the Light Blues, who "on paper" were certainly the more formidable team. They had lost only one match this term—to Milwall—and they had a strong leaven of Old Blues to give confidence and backbone to their side. Burnup (the captain), Bray and Simpson (the two backs), Phillips (at half-back), and Alexander and Taylor (of the forwards), had all played previously against Oxford, and the reputation of the team generally, for science, dash, and combination, stood in the mind of the football-following public distinctly higher than that of their rivals. On the other hand, while Rauthmell, the Dark Blue captain, was supported by only two of his old companions in this contest, Vassall and Corbett, and by an unfortunate accident had lost the services of one of the best of his forwards in Compton, yet the

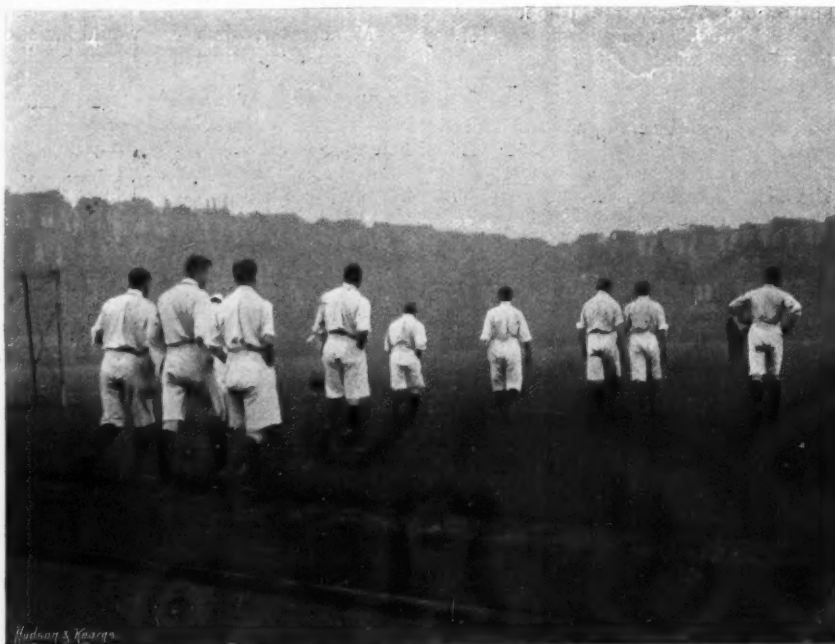


Photo. by C. Hussey.

CAMBRIDGE COMING OUT. Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by C. Hussey.

HANDS!

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

fact that no less than seven of his team hailed from Charterhouse augured well for the combined play of the team. Charterhouse, by the way, stands in much the same relation to players of Association football as Eton does to rowing men. It is true that Oxford had the best of the luck; but, in addition to that, the team exhibited superb powers of defence such as their most sanguine supporters had hardly dared to hope for, and which their friendly rivals certainly could not have suspected. At critical moments, when pluck, nerve, and skill alone could avert disaster, these qualities were exhibited, to the delight of Oxford's supporters.

Turnbull, the Oxonian goal-keeper, deserves a special word of praise. His play throughout was very fine. Again and again, when his failure might have been excusable, he saved the goal, and frustrated the determined efforts of his opponents to score. When it is remembered that the slightest mistake on his part would have been fatal to the chances of his side, he certainly deserves every credit for the dexterous manner in which he played the game.

Punctually to the appointed time the Cambridge team entered the field, followed almost immediately by their rivals, both teams being very heartily received. To look at, the Light Blues were certainly the smarter team; as they made their way from the pavilion they looked winners "all over;" but the Oxford men, although perhaps lacking some of the smartness



of their opponents, had a "wear and tear" look, which, to the experienced eye, goes for a good deal.

Winning the toss, Rauthmell naturally elected to play with the wind and sun behind him, and as soon as the ball was set rolling it was evident the Cantabs intended to make the pace as hot as possible, and within a very short time the goal-keeper's services were called into requisition. Then came a determined rush from Adams, who cleverly carried the ball down into the Cambridge quarters, and only missed the goal by shooting too high. After one or two attempts, well-meant but fruitless, on the part of the Oxford forwards to get away, the ball was returned to the neighbourhood of the Dark Blue goal, and shot after shot was sent in; so much so, indeed, that the opinion was freely expressed by many of the spectators that one or other of these shots must get home, and that practically the game "was all over but the shouting." But in this expression of confidence in the downfall of the Dark Blues they were underrating the powers of the man in the net, as indeed it is very often the custom of spectators to do. A really good goal-keeper—on his day—is a very difficult man to get by; and for all it looks so easy to shoot the ball into the wide mouth of the net, given strong backs who know how to help their goal-keeper by checking the rush of the forwards of the opposing team, a man with his wits about him can stop an extraordinary number of shots apparently certain to score.



Photo. by C. Hussey.

**ALL ALERT.**

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Photo. by C. Hussey.

**AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.**

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**WELL SAVED!**

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About this time the Cambridge forwards were by no means playing up to their reputation; there was a lack of sting and go in their shots for which lookers-on were not prepared; and although the Oxford goal-keeper was compelled on one occasion to put the ball behind, nothing resulted. Cambridge had decidedly the best of the play, but up to half-time no score was obtained by either side.

Burnup and Alexander started the second half of the game with a clever run; but Davidson failed to take advantage of the opportunity, the ball going straight into Turnbull's hands. After a fruitless corner to Cambridge, the Oxford men took up the running, and nearly succeeded in turning a clever pass by Corbett into a goal. The game was at this point very fast, as both sides were playing all they knew, and the ball remaining most of the time in mid-field. Eventually, Vassall made a very fine run, and, passed very cleverly to Corbett and Laird, the latter of whom, following Corbett, skilfully put the ball between the Cambridge posts, thus securing for Oxford the only goal of the match.

After this incident the game proceeded with the greatest energy. Laird once more made a vigorous effort, and a shot of his struck the cross-bar with tremendous force. The Cambridge captain, who had caused Davidson and Alexander to change places, strained every nerve to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his side, but though varied by exciting runs and desperate efforts on both sides, the game closed without further incident, thus leaving Oxford the unexpected winners by one goal to nil.

The rival teams were:—

Oxford: H. M. Turnbull (Charterhouse and Magdalen) (goal), aW. G. Adams (Repton and Magdalen) and W. U. Timmis (Charterhouse and Balliol) (backs), S. L. Darvell (Charterhouse and Keble), aH. A. Rauthmell (Shrewsbury and Trinity) (capt.), and C. H. Wilson (Charterhouse and Oriel) (half-backs), aB. O. Corbett (Thame and Oriel) and R. H. Laird (Charterhouse and Magdalen) (left wing), W. Morgan-Owen (Shrewsbury and Oriel) (centre), aG. C. Vassall (Charterhouse and Oriel) and E. M. Jamieson (Charterhouse and Oriel) (right wing) (forwards).

Cambridge University: J. T. McGaw (Charterhouse and Trinity) (goal), aE. H. Bray (Charterhouse and Trinity) and aG. H. Simpson (Malvern and Clare) (backs), H. Vickers (Repton and Clare), aT. Phillips (Malvern and Pembroke), and H. O. C. Beasley (Westminster and Jesus) (half-backs), aC. J. Burnup (Malvern and Clare) (capt.), and aC. L. Alexander (Shrewsbury and Trinity) (left wing), A. J. Davidson (Charterhouse and Trinity), aS. S. Taylor (Aldenham and Pembroke), and A. S. Farnfield (private and Queen's) (right wing) (forwards).

a Signifies an Old Blue.

Referee: Capt. W. Simpson (L.F.A.).

Of the twenty-four matches played, Cambridge have won thirteen and Oxford ten, one game having been drawn in the season of 1888-9.

#### RESULTS OF MATCHES.

- 1873-4—Oval, Oxford won (2 to 0)
- 1874-5—Oval, Cambridge won (2 to 0)
- 1875-6—Oval, Oxford won (4 to 1)
- 1876-7—Oval, Oxford won (1 to 0)
- 1877-8—Oval, Cambridge won (5 to 1)
- 1878-9—Oval, Cambridge won (1 to 0)
- 1879-80—Oval, Cambridge won (3 to 1)
- 1880-1—Oval, Cambridge won (2 to 1)
- 1881-2—Oval, Oxford won (3 to 0)
- 1882-3—Oval, Cambridge won (3 to 2)
- 1883-4—Oval, Cambridge won (2 to 0)
- 1884-5—Oval, Cambridge won (1 to 0)
- 1885-6—Oval, Cambridge won (5 to 0)
- 1886-7—Oval, Cambridge won (3 to 1)
- 1887-8—Queen's Club, Oxford won (3 to 2)
- 1888-9—Queen's Club, drawn (1 to 1)
- 1889-90—Queen's Club, Cambridge won (3 to 1)
- 1890-1—Queen's Club, Oxford won (2 to 1)
- 1891-2—Queen's Club, Cambridge won (5 to 1)
- 1892-3—Queen's Club, Oxford won (3 to 2)
- 1893-4—Queen's Club, Cambridge won (3 to 1)
- 1894-5—Queen's Club, Oxford won (3 to 0)
- 1895-6—Queen's Club, Oxford won (1 to 0)
- 1896-7—Queen's Club, Oxford won (1 to 0)

The task of photographically illustrating a football match is no easy undertaking; but our artist has succeeded in obtaining views of some interesting incidents of Saturday's play.

It is quite unnecessary, and, indeed, must even savour of impertinence, to say that the match was marked throughout by the most gentlemanlike behaviour and sportsmanlike conduct on the part of all the players; nor would the matter be mentioned, were it not to emphasize the remarks made in these columns last week concerning "cup fighters." A game such as the one now under review is a wholesome corrective to the idea, unfortunately very prevalent and amounting to a conviction in some minds, that football as now played, instead of being as it should be, and as it used to be, an honest, manly recreation, and a friendly trial of pluck, endurance, and skill between opposing sides, is little better than a degrading exhibition of brute force, demoralising alike to those who play and those who look on. That this idea has been begotten and is nourished by the system of professionalism, and the gate-money-first-and-sport-afterwards spirit, which is so much in vogue at the present time, cannot be denied. Football, which is in itself an altogether wholesome sport, has been in many instances degraded to a sordid, money-grubbing business, and a none too reputable one at that.

It is not within the province of this article to discuss professionalism and its attendant evils. That may be more fitly left to a future occasion; but Saturday's match, amongst others, teaches us that the essentially British game of football, played by gentlemen with gentlemen, is still the honest, manly sport that it ever was. If it is to remain so, lovers of football must bestir themselves to slay the octopus of professionalism before it drags down a fine old English pastime into the depths of disrepute.

BETWEEN THE POSTS.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**B**EYOND question Nansen's "Farthest North" (Constable) is the book of the day, although it is pleasant to be able to record that public taste, as indicated by the accounts from the booksellers in London and the provinces, permits Miss Kingsley to run a good second to the lion of the hour. Still, concerning Nansen's book, it is both legitimate and prudent to say very little here. It tells a story of great achievement, no doubt, but all the world knows the story from many sources. It recounts, in a tone of commendable modesty, a tale of steadfast endurance, almost bordering upon stolidity. Its narrative style is, like that of Nansen's earlier works, lucid and interesting. In short, it is a very sound and readable book; but we confess to heretical doubts whether, when the present excitement of the public has cooled down, the student of Arctic literature will not come to the conclusion that some of our indigenous English accounts of earlier expeditions are not equally interesting and more free from the vice of introspective reflections. These, it is said by way of excuse, are natural in the Norseman, but they are none the less tiresome to the Englishman. In the matter of vivid description Nansen is at his best, and it is delightful to follow, in precise detail, the steps of his marvellous progress. Of the scientific value of his voyage this is not the place to speak.

Next upon our list come two books dealing with a lamented naval officer and with the Navy. It was necessary that somebody should write "The Life of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon" (Blackwood), and certainly no more competent biographer could have been selected than Rear-Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald. It was necessary, we say, therein following the biographer, because Tryon was an officer of distinguished ability, of striking character, and of energetic disposition, whose name deserves to be remembered in connection with matters other than the tragic blunder which cost him and some hundreds of brave men their lives and lost a great ship of war. In these pages we can follow the career of a light-hearted sailor, who was full of pride in the Service, ever ready (particularly as secretary to Mr. Goschen) to assert its claims to precedence on all occasions, and brimful of suggestive ideas. The chapter dealing with the

final tragedy is at once too saddening and too technical for laymen. The other naval work for notice is "The Navy and the Nation" (Murray), by J. R. Thursfield and Lieut.-Col. Sir G. S. Clarke, R.E., of whom the first-named had occasion, during Admiral Tryon's lifetime, to combat some of that sailor's most cherished schemes. Mr. Thursfield is not a naval man, but his opinions on naval matters must not be set aside lightly, for he is no scatter-brained young journalist, presuming to speak with authority on the strength of an express journey through text books, but an accomplished scholar and man of letters, who has devoted many years to scientific and practical study of an all-important subject. Both he and Sir George Clarke write well, the latter even wittily, and the book makes pleasant as well as profitable reading.

Of three books on Africa, the first, Olive Schreiner's "Trooper: Peter Halket, of Mashonaland" (Fisher Unwin), is a novel, or something like a novel, and is certainly destined to attract a storm, which may perhaps overwhelm it, of public attention. From every point of view it is a daring publication. In view of recent audacities upon the dramatic stage it is perhaps old-fashioned and conventional to question the taste of introducing into a novel the Divine author of the Christian religion, and it must be admitted that the language attributed to the Saviour in the conversation between Him and the Chartered Company's trooper is noble and dignified; but the Colonial colloquialism of the trooper stands in startling and far from pleasing contrast. Nor is this the worst of it. It is not necessary to be a partisan of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to feel something akin to indignation that such a book, full of terrible accusations against him, should be published at a moment when he is face to face with a tremendous ordeal. Yet, apart from this personal matter, from a suspicion of libels which seem almost to deserve an immediate injunction, the book bears the impress of truth, and, while it rivets the attention, does appeal most vigorously to the conscience of England with regard to the treatment of the native African. "South Africa, as it is," by H. Reginald Statham (Fisher Unwin), is the work of an observant man who has spent twenty years "in the daily wrangle of journalism," face to face with the various problems of South African politics. The writer is a strong opponent of Mr. Rhodes, a scorner of mining and Stock Exchange speculators, and a believer in the future of South Africa with Great Britain as paramount power. Whether he be right or wrong it is not for us to say; but his book may be pronounced informative and interesting, and Sir Alfred Milner will be well advised, since he is quite capable of making allowance for partisan bias, to make it a travelling companion on the way to the Cape. Mr. Edmund Garrett's "The Story of an African Crisis" (Constable) may well be read in the same connection; remembering always that, although Mr. Garrett's years of African experience are not many, his talents are of a high order, and his opportunities of obtaining information have been great.

Since Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," no book of easy travel has been written in epistolary form which can be compared with Mrs. Max Müller's "Letters from Constantinople" (Longmans); and they are none the less charming, but rather the more, in that some of them come from the pen of Professor Max Müller himself; for the Professor has shown us of late, particularly in the "Reminiscences" published in *Cosmopolis*, that he is a versatile and pleasant writer as well as a very learned Orientalist. The picture drawn of the Turks, of the Sultan, of Mohammedanism, in these three-year-old letters is roseate and laudatory; and in truth the writers were treated with great consideration; but, taking all this into account, it may still be worth while to place these letters, written long before the present long-drawn storm broke out, side by side with the popular estimate of the Turk of to-day. Somewhere in the middle way lies the truth and the reality. The descriptions of State ceremonial are amongst the best that have come under our notice.

"Clarissa Furiosa" (Methuen) is worthy of Mr. W. E. Norris. That is to say, it is the work of a refined artist in literature, never guilty of hysterical exaggeration, who writes with distinction, ease and polish, and understands to perfection the characters of the men and women in the well-bred society which he causes to live its gentle life upon the pages. Clarissa herself, Sir Robert Luttrell, the "dangerously clever" and "incubally indolent and thriftless politician," Mr. Dent the banker, and Guy Luttrell, all live and move; one may spend an evening in their company with much pleasure. "Life the Accuser" (Heinemann), by the author of "A Superfluous Woman," has been well received in some quarters, and the character of one of its heroines, Constantia, is strongly and artistically drawn. But the subject, the eternal sex question, is unsavoury, and one rises from the perusal of the volume interested, no doubt, with the conviction that it is true and wholesome in tendency, but still with a bad taste in the mouth. "Lying Prophets," by Eden Philpotts (Methuen), is an interesting story, with the scene laid in Cornwall, and is an advance on the author's earlier work; but it is not quite a book to be recommended indiscriminately, for there is "strong meat" in it. In "A Man or Straw," Mr. Edwin Pugh maintains, and even improves, his reputation.

The first number of "The Encyclopedia of Sport" (Lawrence and Bullen) is full of the promise of good things. Upon a capital frontispiece follows a Preface by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, and among the special articles we note Angling, by Mr. William Senior, or "Redspinner," who knows all that is worth knowing; Athletics, by Mr. M. Shearman; Hurdle Racing, by C. L. Lockton; and Long Jump, by C. B. Fry. If the editors can maintain this standard of excellence, the complete book will be a valuable possession.

Of forthcoming works the name is legion. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches on Foreign and Colonial affairs are to be collected and published by Messrs. Routledge. It is surely full early for such a collection. From the Kilmessy Press will come an unpublished romance, "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," by the late Mr. William Morris. Mr. Heinemann promises a series of histories of the literatures of the world, with Mr. Edmund Gosse for general editor and historian of the English section. The memories of Sir B. W. Richardson are to be published under the title "Vita Medica," and Messrs. Hutchinson promise a posthumous work of Sir Richard Burton, edited by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. "Christine of the Hills," by Max Pemberton (Innes), and "Hilda Trafford and the Remittance Man," by Beatrice Harraden (Blackwood's) are novels to be awaited with an anticipation of pleasure.

Books to be ordered from the library; in addition to some of the foregoing:—

- "Lord Bowen," by Sir H. S. Cunningham (Murray).
- "The Thackerays in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter (Frowde).
- "Ziska," by Marie Corelli.
- "The Edge of the Orient," by R. H. Russell (Kegan Paul).
- "Edward Cracroft Lefroy," by W. A. Gill (Lane).
- "Marm Lisa," by Mrs. S. Cora Grubb.
- "Romantic India," by André Chevrillen (Heinemann).





**M**ONDAY: I am most annoyed with my mother, and being obliged to swerve half an inch from my pathway of filial devotion hurts me deeply. I am nothing if I am not filial—the boys have been heard to observe confidentially that I am nothing. However, the secret of my present discontent with myself lurks in the fact that my mother insists upon going up to town for the Drawing-room; and I know exactly what will happen to her after she has done it. She will arrive in London a most rabid Royalist—comely, wholesome, warm, and happy; she will return down here an abandoned Radical, with a blue nose. If she would only postpone her devotion to her Sovereign for a few weeks, it would be so much more sensible of her. And she puts the finishing note to my



COSTUME BLACK CLOTH WITH BOLERO-FACED LACE



GREY CLOTH GOWN, LACE UNDER BODICE.

distress at her proceedings by avowing her intention of going in her last year's dress. That is what really annoys me. I cannot help it if the dear old lady insists upon getting cold; but that she should disgrace the family name, through the chronicles of the daily papers, by the support of a gown which is not absolutely new, hurts my feelings desperately. The train is of black velvet lined with ivory brocade, the front is black net traced with jet and steel; in a misguided moment my mother had this lined with mauve. Why do the authorities always relegate mauve to the wear of the dowager? It is most unbecoming!

However, a wilful mother must have her way, and I can do nothing, absolutely nothing, except promise to go to

town with her and see her comfortably bestowed in the carriage, and then go home and prepare to welcome her with a violent chill. I like my mother with the chill off, not with the chill on, which is Nellie's condition this morning, a condition out of which she is making much capital. Her immediate needs appear only to be appeased by orchids, and I envy her the collection of peach-tinted blossoms which the neighbouring squire has ventured to lay at her feet—or, rather, at the feet of her dressing-table. I envy no woman her lover, but all women their flowers.

WEDNESDAY: I have arrived in town, I have done my duty by my mother, and I have been clothes-hunting with the ardour of a sportswoman. To kill time in a hunt for new clothes is the ideal sport in the early spring. I have seen many frocks worthy of the name. A dark blue cloth is most excellent with a trimming of three braids at the hem, and three more at the knee, and three more again round the hips, when it is completed with a little coat of the bolero order, covered with lines of braid, with a high collar turned up round the neck, elaborately braided and stiffened, and it has a shirt front of heliotrope chiffon hem-stitched in an elaborate fashion, which must have taken a great deal of time and an infinity of trouble. I saw two sac boleros, but did not desire either of them at all. One was of black velvet



PALE GREEN STRAW, TRIMMED WITH LILIES

(and this had superior charms to the other, without a doubt) lined with white satin, with a small rever covered with black silk guipure. The other was of very light drab cloth, almost of a cream tone, with broad strappings of cloth machine-stitched, the sole decoration on this being large white pearl buttons. The various geniuses—I wonder if it ought to be spelt *genii*?—all told me a tale of jackets which shall not match their skirts, pronounced as imminent the popularity of the drab coat worn with the blue serge, the green plaid, and the cheviot skirt; and also it was whispered in my ear that the fabric decided upon as pre-eminently suitable for millinery was tulle. This does not sound very warm, but anyhow, so long as the authorities will oblige me by keeping the shape small, I will forgive them any little idiosyncrasy which may point towards the unsuitable.

Are we, as some other brilliant authority once observed in regard to our dress, invariably "the insatiable in search of the unsuitable?" Of course we are not; I always detested the man who made that silly observation, and I thought he was clever. I wandered into two afternoon tea-shops, presided over by ladies in white aprons, to discover that the best part of the entertainment was the white apron. The waiting in these emporiums of bamboo furniture and artificial palms is, to say the least of it, reluctant, while the tea would not bear the strictest investigation from a really good housekeeper; however, I am told that many worthy folks manage to support many deserving families by dispensing this sort of hospitality at one shilling a head, so who am I to critically carp at their weaknesses—or their teas?

THURSDAY: My mother returned from town very pleased with herself and everybody she met. She has not a cold, and

she has amiably omitted to ask me how much money I spent yesterday, and I feel I love her more than ever.

I have been committing golf this afternoon—one of the games at which I am not an expert. There are many of these, but I look very nice while I am doing it very badly, and I do not wear a scarlet coat: only a green plaid skirt of the Mackenzie clan and a jacket of dark blue cloth, with just a touch of red at the cuffs and collar (which I am informed by eminent authorities I have no right to adopt, making it therefore all the more attractive), and a small knitted, green woollen tam-o'-shanter, mounted on a green velvet bandeau, and trimmed at one side with a bunch of iridescent green wings tied with a red velvet rosette. After all, I think I should enjoy golf more if it were permitted to bicycle to your ball. Walking is a mere remnant of the barbarous ages; but in the near future we shall no doubt realise this, and every woman will be accompanied on the golf links by her cycle or, may be, her motor car, when, placing the caddy carefully within this, and herself after the caddy, the exercise may become a pleasure instead of a toil. I utterly refuse to chronicle how many strokes it took for me to do my round this afternoon, and Nellie will keep asking me impertinent questions on the topic—she has no tact. I shall refuse to lend her my new blouse, which is a delightful blouse in its way, and one I am sure Tom would admire immensely. It is made of cream-coloured lace and lined with white chiffon, and it has a very large collar round the shoulders of the lace frilled with chiffon, while the waist is encircled with a pale blue watered ribbon, drawn through a steel buckle at the back; and in the front there is, of course, to be the receptacle for the pink rose invariably adopted by the damsel in story books. I often wonder how she contrives to get this pink rose at all hours of the day and night; at all times and seasons do these fortunate young women of fiction find a *La France* rose in full bloom, ready and willing "to be plucked to pieces by nervous fingers at crucial moments."

## ON THE GREEN.

WRITING about worms and their ways, a contemporary suggests that if they are debited with the casts they raise on our putting greens, it is only fair to credit them with draining the soil; and that if their good and evil works were to be fairly weighed, a balance could probably be shown in their favour. The writer suggests that the greens should be occasionally sanded and lightly brushed, and deprecates—especially on heavy soil—the constant use of the roller, as to which he is unquestionably right, half the greens round London being ruined by excessive rolling, which makes them like asphalt in summer and beds of clay in winter.

The Raynes Park Golf Club scheme is a bold one. The committee have suggested to the members that they should acquire two links—one at Sandwich, and another at Guildford—in addition to that at Raynes Park, at a cost of £5,000. For an annual subscription of five guineas one would enjoy all the privileges of membership at three different places, and the idea has certainly much to recommend it. The committee were sanctioned to proceed in the matter, and all that is now required is the money. This it is proposed to obtain by means of £50 debentures, carrying four per cent. interest, and a life membership at all three places.

Such a scheme deserves to meet with success, and in securing Mr. Horace Hutchinson as the first captain of the club, and many well-known golfers as members of the committee, its initiators have good reason to believe that it will do so.

The Wimbledon golfers have been unsuccessful in their efforts to obtain permission to play six days a week, instead of—as at present—three, during the winter months. The request seems reasonable, seeing that the common is almost deserted during the winter months, for which, only, they wished to obtain the extension. The ratepayers, however, by whom golfers are not much appreciated, gave contrary votes in proportion of two to one.

Mr. Cullen's proposal to include Westward Ho! in the English courses over which the amateur championship is, in future, to be played, may possibly fall through on the grounds that fifteen Scottish clubs subscribed for the present Challenge Cup as against eight English clubs; and that the former should, in fairness, have a preponderating influence in fixing the courses over which it is contended for. Since its purchase, however, there has been a large increase in the number of English golfers, and several courses good enough for any competition have been formed at great expense. Is it not time, therefore, that a new constitution of things should take place, that a new cup should, if necessary, be supplied, and that the two countries should start fair?

In preparation for the Ladies' Championship to be held this year at Gullane, several of the most distinguished lady golfers from England are shortly expected at the New Hotel, when they will be able to practice for the big event, and get accustomed to the course—a very important matter.

Monthly medals played for on Saturday, the 13th inst. :—

Course.	Winner.	Score.
		Grs. Hcp. Net.
Sandwich	Mr. Corbett Edwards	82 scr.=82
Guildford	Mr. H. Davonport	90—4=86
Halifax	Mr. J. Bairstow	98—20=78
Littlestone	Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield	99—16=83
Leicestershire	Capt. E. S. Schuyler	95—9=86
Ranelagh	Mr. Woodbine Parish	88—7=81
Richmond	Mr. P. L. Naish	(Hogey, 3 down)
Seaford	Mr. T. Cavanagh	90 × 9=81
Southport	Mr. G. F. Smith	81—9=90
Stirling	Mr. W. Renierch	93—10=83
Willesden	Mr. H. Higgs	87—3=84

That fine player, Mr. Charles Hutchings, won the Town Gold Medal, at Pau, with a net score of 171 (two rounds).